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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

JULY 1913

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

"Out of Egypt Have I Called My Son"

FOLLOWING the general idea that the civilization of Hellas had been inspired and developed in preparation for the work of the Western Avatar, it was suggested, in the meeting of the Branch whose debates have been in part recorded, that other sides of Grecian genius, such as the peerless purity of the Parthenon, or the great dramas of Æschylus and Sophocles, might illustrate this inspiration, not less than the mystical philosophers like Pythagoras and Plato. An admirable illustration was drawn from the great trilogy of Sophocles, the three dramas in which the tragedy of the house of Œdipus is unfolded.

Just as the three parts of Dante's great trilogy, the Inferno, the Purgatorio, the Paradiso, mark the three great stages of the spiritual way: disobedience, penitence, bliss; so, it was said, the three dramas of Sophocles mark the three great epochs of defiance to the divine will, the suffering which leads to resignation and acceptance, and, thirdly, a perfectly consecrated obedience, even in the face of death. The theme of the Œdipus trilogy is contained, it was said, in the closing words:

> Man's highest blessedness,
> In wisdom chiefly stands;
> And in the things that touch upon the gods,
> 'Tis best in word or deed
> To shun unholy pride;
> Great words of boasting bring great punishments,
> And so to grey-haired age
> Teach wisdom at the last.

To put it in another way, the point was, that this old Athenian play teaches a characteristically Christian lesson: purification through suffering.

The trilogy begins with the defiance of the gods by the parents of

Œdipus, and the consequent sin of Œdipus and Jocasta, begun in ignorance and continued in defiance which mocked the divine powers:

> Now, oracles of gods,
> Where are ye now . . .
> "Ha! ha! why now, my queen, should we regard
> The Pythian hearth oracular, or birds
> In mid-air crying?"

At the moment of apparent triumph, Œdipus exultant exclaims that the oracles are overwhelmed in Hades. Jocasta answers:

> Why should we fear, when Chance rules everything;
> And foresight of the future there is none;
> 'Tis best to live at random, as one can.

But the blow of the gods falls, and, at the end of the first play, Œdipus wanders forth, blind and a beggar, over the earth, accompanied by Antigone his daughter.

The second play of the trilogy, *Œdipus at Colonus,* the action of which is laid several years later. Notice the growth of the soul of the blind and exiled king, who has passed from defiance to resignation and acceptance. Œdipus thus makes confession of his faith:

> I have learnt contentment; chance and change
> Have taught me this, and the long course of time,
> And the stout heart within me.

Besides contentment, he has learned reverence:

> I am come, as sacred, fearing God.

Acceptance and reverence make it possible for Œdipus to become an agent for the divine powers. The second play closes in mystery. Œdipus, about to die, enters a sacred grove. There, holy ones meet him, and he is "changed"; he does not die the death of all mankind.

Antigone, the last of the three dramas, depicts a mortal completely obeying the divine will, though that obedience brings disgrace and death. Creon, the self-righteous ruler, has issued an edict, which commands the violation of a sacred duty, universally accepted throughout Greece. Antigone refuses to obey the edict, though she knows that destruction will be the result of her disobedience. Creon asks:

> Thou didst dare to disobey these laws?

Antigone answers:

> Yes, for it was not Zeus who gave them forth,
> Nor Justice, dwelling with the gods below,
> Who traced these laws for all the sons of men;
> Nor did I deem thy edicts strong enough,
> That thou, a mortal man, should'st over-pass
> The unwritten laws of God that know not change.

They are not of today or yesterday,
But live forever, nor can man assign
When first they sprang to being.

Antigone passes to her death, refusing to disobey the law of heaven for the laws of earth,

Revering still the laws of reverence.

In all this, it was suggested, we may see a foreshadowing of the Christ's teaching of obedience, and his sacrificial death; a foreshadowing, not so much in the sense of a vague anticipation, as of a defined and conscious effort made, by the spiritual powers behind the scenes, in preparation for the coming of the Western Avatar. It was further suggested that we might, in a sense, identify these spiritual powers with the inspiration of the Egyptian Lodge. Which brings us again to the sources of Greek philosophy, and the great leaders who, like Solon, Thales, Pythagoras and Plato, acknowledged their debt to the Egyptian wisdom.

Concerning Pythagoras, this may be added: Apulius Floridus declares that Pythagoras, having of his own desire sought for Egyptian learning, and acquired from the priests of that country a knowledge of their religion, of the wonderful powers of numbers and of the best theorems in geometry, was not yet satisfied, but of his own free will visited the Chaldean Magians and even the Brahmans of India, among whom he particularly attached himself to the sect of the Gymnosophists [Sannyasins]. Now the Chaldeans, this writer continues, have a knowledge of constellations, of the regular revolution of the planets, and can tell the various influences of the heavenly bodies on the birth-fates of men. They have also collected, with great effort, from earth, air and sea, medicines for curing people's diseases. But the Brahmans contributed much to his views of philosophy, such as what could be taught about the mind and the training of the body, how many powers the mind has, how many changes of life we undergo, and what are the rewards and punishments dealt out to each, according to his merits, by the gods of the nether world.

It is recorded that, a century and a half after the death of Pythagoras, a leader among the disciples of his school, Philolaus, met Plato the philosopher in Sicily, at the court of Hiero of Syracuse, and gave him notes of the esoteric teaching of the Samian sage. It may well be that these notes contained among other things, the knowledge of reincarnation and of "the rewards and punishments dealt out to each, according to his merits, by the gods of the nether world," that is, by the occult laws of Karma; the "nether world" being the phrase generally used, in Greece and Rome, for the "hidden world," as it was called in Egypt, the world behind the physical veil.

The Egyptian esoteric tradition taught that Osiris, after his sacrificial death and resurrection, became the judge of the dead in the hidden world, meting out to them rewards and punishments according to their merits. India had exactly the same teaching, Yama the king, who first accepted death for mankind, being there the lord of death and the judge of the dead. But, whether this teaching came to Pythagoras from India or Egypt, or both, and whether or not it was transmitted by the Pythagorean disciple Philolaus to Plato, it is certain that Plato, in the tenth book of the *Republic,* gives a wonderful account of the same teaching, in which the occult doctrine is but slightly veiled.

As great stress was laid on this by the Branch whose doings we record, it may be wise to refresh our memories as to Plato's teaching. He recounts to us a tale of a hero, Er, the son of Armenius, a Pamphylian by birth, who was slain in battle and on the twelfth day returned to life, and told them what he had seen in the other world. He said that when the soul left the body he went on a journey with a great company, and that they came to a mysterious place at which there were two openings in the earth; they were near together, and over against them were two other openings in the heaven above. In the intermediate space there were judges seated, who commanded the just, after they had given judgment on them and bound their sentences in front of them, to ascend by the heavenly way on the right hand; and in like manner the unjust were bidden by them to descend by the lower way on the left hand; they also bore the symbols of their deeds, but fastened on their backs; which is the way in which Plato indicates what, in India, would be called "Karma of demerit."

Then Er the Pamphylian beheld and saw on one side the souls departing at either opening of heaven and earth when sentence had been given on them; and at the two other openings other souls, some ascending out of the earth, dusty and worn with travel, some descending out of heaven, clean and bright. And arriving ever and anon, they seemed to have come from a long journey, and they went forth with gladness into the meadow, where they encamped as at a festival, and those who knew one another embraced and conversed, the souls which came from earth curiously inquiring about the things above, and the souls which came from heaven about the things beneath. And they told one another of what had happened by the way, those from below weeping and sorrowing at the remembrance of the things which they had endured and seen in their journey beneath the earth, which journey had lasted a thousand years; while those from above were describing heavenly delights and visions of inconceivable beauty. For every wrong which they had done to anyone they suffered tenfold; and for righteousness there were blessings as great.

Now when the spirits which were in the meadow had tarried seven

days, on the eighth they were obliged to proceed on their journey, and, on the fourth day after, he said that they came to a place where they could see from above a line of light, straight as a column, extending right through the whole heaven and through the earth, in color resembling the rainbow, only brighter and purer. Another day's journey brought them to the place, and there, in the midst of the light, they saw the ends of the chains of heaven let down from above; for this light is the belt of heaven, and holds together the circle of the universe.

When Er and the spirits arrived, their duty was to go at once to Lachesis; but first of all there came a prophet who arranged them in order; then he took from the knees of Lachesis lots and samples of lives, and, mounting a high pulpit, spoke as follows: Hear the word of Lachesis, daughter of necessity. Ephemeral souls, behold a new cycle of life and mortality. Your genius will not be allotted to you, but you will choose your genius; and let him who draws the first lot have the first choice, and the life which he chooses shall be his destiny. Virtue is free, and, as a man honors or dishonors her, he will have more or less of her; the responsibility is with the chooser. God is justified.

When the interpreter had thus spoken, he scattered lots indifferently among them all, and each of them took up the lot which fell near him, all but Er himself, to whom this was not allowed; and each, as he took the lot, perceived the number which he had obtained. Then the interpreter placed on the ground before them the samples of lives; and there were many more lives than the souls present, and they were of all sorts. There were lives of every animal, and of men in every condition. And there were tyrannies among them, some lasting out the tyrant's life, others which broke off in the middle and came to an end in poverty and exile and beggary; and there were lives of famous men, some who were famous for their form and beauty, as well as for their strength and success in games, or, again, for their birth and the qualities of their ancestors, and some who were the reverse of famous, for the opposite qualities. And of women, likewise. There was not, however, any definite character in them, because the soul, when choosing a new life, must of necessity become different. But there was every other quality, and they all mingled with one another, and also with elements of wealth and poverty and disease and health; and there were middle states also.

And here, says Plato, is the supreme peril of our human state; therefore the utmost care should be taken. Let each one of us leave every other kind of knowledge, and seek and follow one thing only, if peradventure he may be able to learn, and may find someone who may make him able to learn and discern between good and evil, and so to choose always and everywhere the better life as he has opportunity. He should consider the bearing of all these things upon virtue; he will then look at the nature of the soul, and from the consideration of all

these qualities he will be able to determine which is the better and which is the worse; and so he will choose, giving the name of evil to the life which will make his soul more unjust, and good to the life which will make his soul more just; all else he will disregard. For we have seen and know that this is the best choice both in life and after death. A man must take with him into the world below an invincible faith in truth and right, that there too he may be undazzled by the desire of wealth or the other allurements of evil, lest, coming upon tyrannies and other like iniquities, he do irremediable wrong to others, and suffer yet worse himself; but let him know how to choose the middle and avoid the extremes on either side, as far as possible, not only in this, but in all that which is to come. For this is the way of happiness.

So far Plato. Such were the preparations made in Greece for the coming of the Western Avatar. It was then suggested, and this was one of the most noteworthy things said at these Branch deliberations, that, great as was Plato's inspiration, Plato was not free from responsibility, in the general break-down of the plan, which we know took place. Greek culture fell to pieces; in morals, corruption; in mental life, levity and purposeless, fruitless dissipation of energy; in political life, mean ambitions and servility: the tree of Greek civilization began to rot. Plato, then, was in part responsible. In what way? In this way, as it was suggested: That he violated an age-old law of spiritual life, in giving out so lavishly the substance of the mysteries, without enforcing a previous moral discipline. In Egypt, as we saw in the life of Pythagoras, the occult teaching was imparted only after long training and tests of great severity. In India, the same thing: the hidden wisdom was taught only to pledged disciples. No doubt the spiritual preparedness which resulted from this did much to make the Avatar of Siddhartha the Compassionate as splendidly successful as it was.

But this too generous distribution of the things of the sanctuary to the profane, working with other forces of demoralization, brought the Greek culture to ruin, and forced the Western Avatar to fall back on the second line of preparation, which had been laid in Palestine through the aspiration and sacrifice of the Hebrew prophets. There were possibilities here, of zeal and earnestness, to set off against the intellectual levity of the Greeks; there was a rigid keeping of the law, as against Greek laxity; in the hearts of the few, there was a real hunger and thirst after righteousness. There were possibilities, therefore; there were also grave dangers: zeal became fanaticism; the narrow worship of the law was never far from materialism; national ideals merged into national bigotry. So the great adventure was undertaken. Was it a success, a failure? Has it been reserved for our day to decide whether, even at the eleventh hour, the superb courage and devotion which undertook the great adventure may wrest seeming failure to supreme success?

LETTERS TO FRIENDS

VII

DEAR FRIEND:

HAD I been able, I would have wished to have answered your good letter without this delay, but the past weeks have been very crowded and it is only now that a free hour has come to me.

You ask me of the summer: of the three long months before you in which you are to have the rest and leisure you have so well earned and so long desired. The gladness of your letter was contagious,—I wonder if we begin to realize what happiness we give to others simply by being happy,—and truly rest and leisure are precious gifts; so precious that their custody must sober as well as gladden us. To what use are you to put them? Into what are they to be transformed at your hands? This is what you ask of me. But it is you who must give the answers, and few questions are more searching. To what do we turn, when we are free to turn where we will?

It is so long since you have had a real holiday that perhaps, as your letter says, you can hardly imagine how it will feel to be without the "daily grind." It is an illuminating experience; and humourously humbling in its unexpected self-revelations,—if we have been judging of ourselves, as so many men do, by the appearance of our lives as we see them reflected in our outer acts. For the mirror of our daily actions reflects both more and less than ourselves; more, because the reflection includes necessity, which we confuse with our own will; less, because it shows us only the surface. But to know the personal self as it is, I commend you to the experiment of watching it through a summer's leisure.

I warn you it will not gratify your vanity. The French, the wisest of all nations, have a law prohibiting offenses against human dignity. I should hate to have some logically minded and conscientious executive move, under it, the abolition of all holidays. And yet I think he could make out a pretty good case. For of all the lesser demons in our nature, the most beguiling, delusive, tricky, mocking, malicious enemy of human dignity is that special demon who waits for us at the door of leisure and smiling offers himself as our guide in the quest for rest. It will take all the resolution you possess to deny him, and much more than you possess to prevent his walking by your side, despite your denial, and telling you pleasantly of the much shorter and more attractive road which he could show. If you speak to him of me he will doubtless tell you that he knows me well and was many times my guide on just such little trips as yours. But he will not tell you of how he robbed and

cheated me, and stole every shred of self-respect from off my back, and brought all his companion demons to jeer at my nakedness, and finally left me in a quagmire. That he did leave me there, at least for a time, has made me think kindly of quagmires from that day to this. Beware of him I beg of you. And do not believe him when he tells you that no holiday can be really such without him; that he is in fact the very angel of rest. He is a demon and a liar, and, alas, the hereditary idol of the tired man. His surname, by the way, is Negativeness, and his first name, I had almost said his Christian name, is Relaxation. He commands the entire tribe of the Inertias.

"What?" I can hear him say to you, even as you read this, "are you to work all the time? Or does he want you to imitate those restless harried spirits that are never content unless they are 'doing something,' and who spend their precious leisure hurrying madly from one pleasure to another, till they return to their proper work more exhausted than they left it? Are they guides to be compared with me? What do my very names mean if not that delicious stillness, that 'letting go' of all the tense strain, which is rest personified? How better can you gain the quiet calm you need for your best work than by following where I will lead you?"

So he talks to us. And it is rather clever of him to bring in "those restless harried spirits who are never content unless they are doing something," for in truth they are those who are most completely under his dominance,—dried leaves which he has sapped till they are blown here and there by every passing gust of interest. You know that this is anything but my wish for you. And as for what his names mean, let me see if I can show you,—show you them in yourself, as they exist in all of us, and reveal themselves in our times of leisure.

Day by day, under the firm guidance of duty and the pressure of circumstance, we have gone about our work; compelled to put self aside, compelled to maintain a constant level of endeavour and achievement which has taxed our utmost capacities, but for which, somehow, somewhere, we have had to find the energy and strength. And because they had to be found we found them. We have been driven by necessity to reach into the depths of our nature and to tap latent springs of power which our unaided wills would never have uncovered. With this power has come inspiration. Our minds have been tired, we thought, but into them the very pressure which has tired us has poured a flood of ideas, a thousand suggestions of things which were crying out to be done, and which it seemed to us we could and would do, if only we were not so driven, if only we had the time.

Then suddenly the pressure ceases, the compulsion is removed. The time is given us; and we are free to spend it and ourselves as we will. It is our great opportunity. But what do we do with it?

What most of us do is to go to sleep. You remember the old lady who was so busy she had forty different things to do,—one of which was

to take a nap. She took it; and so do we. And if we were really to sleep and wake again, it would perhaps be the wisest thing which we could do. But instead of this we listen to the demon Relaxation. We pick up a book in the evening, and he whispers to us that at last we are free to read. And so, though it has no bearing on what we had planned and purposed, and is little more than an opiate which we in no way need, we read it. And as it grows late and we begin to think of bed and sleep, again the demon whispers to us of the luxury of reading as late as we choose, with no thought of having to rise in the morning until we want to rise. So we continue to read. And in the morning, when we wake, the demon is right beside us. How pleasant to lie in bed, to stretch our limbs, and turn over and sleep again! And so we lie, half dreaming, half waking, through the best hours of the morning,—waiting as a friend of mine once told me was his Sunday habit, until we are hungrier than we are lazy, and our hunger gets us up with no effort of our own.

Surely you must recognize the picture, and see its significance. Even of our sleep relaxation cheats us, substituting for the deep dreamless sleep of night, which brings new life to mind and nerves and body, the negative dozing through the morning hours, which tires one part of us even while resting another, and from which we rise, heavy and langorous, to do futile, purposeless, time-killing things until another day has slipped behind us, and left us as tired as before. And when day after day this cycle has continued, and conscience makes us restless at our constant procrastination, so that we are shamed into beginning some of the work which we had planned, we find that the whole level of our energies has lowered. The ideas which crowded upon us when under the greater pressure of our work, now seem to have deserted us, and will not return at our call. The will which before would watch for and seize a spare twenty minutes as a heaven sent opportunity to write to a friend or to add some pages to a manuscript, now impotently faces hours of idleness. Our thought is fragmentary, scattered, unconcentrated. Our writing, and endless rewriting as our hesitating purpose turns back upon itself, is fit only for the waste basket to which it is destined. Relaxation and negativeness have worked their work upon us, the mire has us by the heels, and the climb back to the higher levels from which we have descended is long and hard. But one thing it teaches us: the debt of gratitude which we owe to the compulsion we have resented, the high services which duty and necessity render us day by day.

Sometime, when you have had your holiday, I wish that you would write of its psychology, putting on record your own experience, and making of it a text for the discussion of socialistic Utopias. If I remember rightly you were inclined to resent my allusion to them as schemes for making every man a corner loafer. But don't begin to write until you have tried it for yourself, and know just what the temptation is, and how much of resolution is required to stand against it.

But here I have been writing all around your holiday when I had meant to write upon it. And if I am not careful you will be writing back to me that the logical consequence of all I have said is that you should abandon it, and take on another man's job in addition to your own. Away with logic if that is its consequence. It has been a coward from the beginning of time. Go forth into your holiday and learn to do for yourself what, in his infinite compassion, the Master has till now caused necessity to do for you. Grapple with the demon, and throw him to the ground, and bind him hand and foot with his own forked tail, and beat him with your rule until he begins to roll. Then you will see him transformed before your eyes; for thus are the Inertias transformed into Momentum.

I think you have planned wisely in deciding to spend your full time quietly in the country. You are fortunate to have such a place to go to as the little hill-side farmhouse that you describe to me, with the lake at your feet and the mountains beyond. You should be able to rest there,—and you need rest, not the rest of relaxation, but the rest from within. Sleep much. It is the best of all forms of rest, the most positive and the most life-giving. But take it early, and grow acquainted once again with the freshness of the morning. There is a world of difference between the sleep we get before dawn and that which comes after it. Something in us wakes with the waking day and chafes itself to feebleness at long imprisonment in the continued inertness of the sleeping body. It is well worth while, when the chance is given us, to attune the currents of our personal lives to the great breath of nature's day. Many times you and I have shared in the Earth prayer which rises in the hush of sunset. But how long is it since you have known the prayer of dawn,—the adoration with which life meets the rising of the sun?

Seek rest in beauty. It is strange to me how seldom men think of the importance of the sources from which they draw their rest. We are empty: with what are we to be filled? What is the character of the new life which is to be poured like water into our empty selves? "The mind is dyed the colour of its thoughts, its leisure thoughts; as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." If this be true day by day, its truth is most obvious in our hours of rest. For it is then that the subtile substances of the vesture of mind and feeling are being most rapidly replaced. At those times we recreate the veils through which we are to see; and, more than this, we are drawing into the dynamic centers of our life the powers we are to use. According to the nature of our present rest is the nature of our later acts.

So again, I say, seek rest in beauty. Learn to look for beauty that you may rest in it, and gain the eyes to see it always. You will remember the passage from the Speculum Animæ: "What, I think, we have to realize, as a certain and most important truth, is that the soul of man is a microcosm, having affinities with all grades of being from the highest to the lowest; and that the rank of the individual soul, of our own self,

our personality, is determined by the things we are interested in, by the things we love. What we love, that we see; and what we see, that we are. There is no escape from this law. Where our treasure is there will our heart be also. It is of no use to fill our days with work which we consider useful, if the moment that the tension is relaxed our minds fly spontaneously to thoughts of money, ambition, self-indulgence, or some favourite frivolity."

"The light of the body is the eye. If your eye be single your whole body shall be full of light." We can see the significance and the truth of this. But the eye is not single save as it is trained. And even in the outer world we have to love beauty in order to see it. Then we find it compassing us about on every hand.

As I write, my mind goes back over the years to a day when beauty was shown me as it was seen by one I loved,—beauty which day by day had surrounded me and which I had dimly sensed and as vaguely loved, but never till then really seen. The little ferns in the crevices of the rock; the clouds wreathing the mountains, or beginning to rise and veil them,—as a woman may draw her hair about her face, was the simile in my own mind. But to my friend it spoke of the mystery of the great of soul—of the way the heights of a great soul must always be half hidden from the world,—veiled by the melting snows of its own purity in the sunlight of compassion. I remember, too, two little flowers of the field, so small, so like the others, I would have passed them by, had not my friend called to me to look at them: "They are like angels—there is such adoration in their little faces." And when I had been shown it I could see it. I could see, too, the grace and beauty of the grasses,—growing tall at the top of the bank; the stateliness of a roadside blossom upon its slender stalk; and the sureness of the bee's poise over its marvellous delicacy. There was the glint of running water, the aspiration of poplars against the blue of the sky, and the sunlight, lying on the fields in stillness.

All these things I could see—when they were shown to me—and know that somehow I had always seen them, always loved them, and drawn life and rest from them; though never before had I seen them with eyes which really saw. The day stays in my memory as an ever continuing prayer; as a symbol of our nearness to the Master in the beauty which he loves. And when I grow tired, here amid walls of brick and stone where there are no crevices in which ferns grow and lizards creep, I think of it and rest in it. It is such rest as this, rest which renews itself throughout the years, which I pray this holiday may bring to you.

Yet much as I wish rest for you I wish achievement more. Indeed rest is like happiness. If we seek it too directly it eludes us. But if we cease to think of it, and do rightly the simple duties which lie before us, it comes to us of its own accord. There is no greater mistake than to think duty leaves us when it changes its accustomed form,—though it is a mistake we constantly make. There is always one best thing to

do in each hour and moment of the day or night. And that best thing is our duty. We must be ceaselessly watchful that we do not pass it by. Without its guidance we are lost: masterless vessels adrift in an open sea. And when it seems to have deserted us, it means that we must look for it on some higher plane. There are duties of the heart as well as of mind and of body. There is the work of prayer as well as of thought; the duty to receive as well as the duty to give. It is this inner work of prayer, of meditation, of opening the heart to the sources of its life, and of attuning the will to the Master's will, which is the peculiar work of the summer. It is as much a duty as is the active outer work of the winter. The two are but the two poles of the one process: two halves of the single cycle that makes the year.

We are wise to follow this cycle, not only through the year but through each day, making of each a year in miniature. Just as in the active work of winter we lay aside certain hours for meditation and for prayer, that we may keep the sources of our inspiration open and receive the guidance for what we are to do,—so in the days of our leisure, we should set aside certain hours for active outer work, for writing or for study. We can never be content in idleness; and we reach quickly the limit of our power to receive when we close the avenues by which we give. "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves. For if any man is a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man who observeth the face of his birth in a mirror; for he observeth himself and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was. But he that looketh unto the perfect law, the law of liberty, he being no hearer that forgetteth, but a doer that worketh, this man shall be blessed in his doing."

So, in the months before you, look deep into "the perfect law," the law which makes us free. And seeing there as in a mirror "the face of your birth"—of that "new birth which cometh from above" and without which no man can enter into the kingdom of the Heavens, recognize it as the man God meant you to be—the man which in the inner world of the ideal you already are. Then express that man, outwardly as well as inwardly. Record your vision as a rule of life, and translate it into daily, hourly, instant action. Plan your days upon it, and adhere to that which you have planned.

Does this mean that you are never to play? Never to follow the spontaneous prompting of the hour? You cannot so misunderstand me. Play by all means. But plan for play, and take it positively not negatively. Be spontaneous. But let the springs of spontaneity flow from the heights. And when I say plan your play, do not think it means that having planned tennis, for instance, you must insist upon doing that when your companion wishes to golf instead. But I refuse to insult your understanding further by telling you all I do not mean.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

SHANKARACHARYA'S CATECHISM

III

BODIES TERRESTRIAL AND CELESTIAL

Such is the group of four Attainments, or Instruments; through them, men gain the power to discern Reality.

WE must live the life, we must do the will of the Father, before we can know the doctrine. Before we have gained the moral and spiritual qualities included under the four Attainments, it is impossible for us to discern Reality. One of the deep-seated delusions of our time is the general conviction that truth may be gained through the mind, through the intellect alone, whether it be the truth of science or of philosophy. Teachers like Kant, who tell us that the intellect, so far from revealing, conceals the truth; or like Bergson, who shows that knowledge of reality comes, not through the intellect, but through the will, are of the utmost value, because they point the way to the vital truth, that we must live the life, before we can know the doctrine.

Here is another expression of the same law, from a different angle. It is taken from *Letters That Have Helped Me:*

"If you were now fitted to become an accepted chela, you would of yourself know how, where, and to whom to apply. For the becoming a chela *in reality* consists in the evolution or development of certain spiritual principles latent in every man, and in great measure unknown to your present consciousness. Until these principles are to some degree consciously evolved by you, you are not in practical possession of means of acquiring the first rudiments of that knowledge which now seems to you so desirable."

If at this point the question arises in the mind of one who reads: what, in sum, are these means, these four Attainments, without which progress on the path cannot even be begun, it must be answered that they can be really known in one way only: by acquiring them; by fighting for them and conquering them inch by inch. This is what life will compel us to do, whether by the slow way which the bulk of humanity follows, or more rapidly, if our aspiration is strong enough to arouse the sleeping life-force in our inner selves.

It would be wholly consistent, if this little Catechism of wisdom, having enumerated the qualities needed before practical learning can

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begin, were to let the matter rest there, and say no more. This is, in fact, what life does, for there is no real learning, no discerning of the Real, until these qualities are gained. But there can be an unlearning of the unreal; and this is of the utmost importance.

The truth is, that our minds are so restless, so vain, so full of prying curiosity, that, whether we consciously wish it or not, they are ceaselessly forming systems and views of life, and these views presently begin to constrict us, and react upon our moral and spiritual life, checking the growth of the very qualities which would make true knowing possible. It is a question, therefore, of giving the mind a bent which shall be as little harmful as possible; which shall be even helpful; and this the Vedanta does, with wonderful lucidity and cogency, so that the mind is made to serve the soul, instead of thwarting it.

This little Catechism of wisdom goes on, then, to sum up the conclusions of Vedantin thought, with limpid clearness and lucidity. After enumerating the powers, by gaining which we begin to be able to discern Reality, the Catechism asks:

What is the discernment of Reality?

The answer follows:

That Atma, the Self, is real Being; that everything other than Atma, the Self, is delusive.

This is the truth which is contained in the more familiar words: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" The divine spiritual consciousness, which comes through obedience to the divine will, is the only good; every other mood, which comes through waywardness and self-seeking, is the dust and ashes of Dead Sea fruit.

The Self, the divine consciousness, is the goodly pearl of the merchantman, "who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it."

The *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad* has a beautiful passage of like import:

"This is Atma, the mighty Self unborn, who is consciousness among the life-powers. This is the heaven in the heart within, where rests the ruler of all, the master of all, lord of all. He is lord of all, overlord of beings, shepherd of all beings. This is he whom the followers of the eternal seek to know through scriptures, sacrifices, gifts and penances, through ceasing from evil toward others. This is the goal in search of which pilgrims go forth on pilgrimages."

The *Bhagavad Gita* adds this:

"Know That to be imperishable whereby all this is stretched forth; and none can cause the destruction of the everlasting.

"These temporal bodies are declared to belong to the eternal lord

of the body, imperishable, immeasurable; therefore fight, O son of Bharata!

"He who sees him as slayer, or who thinks of him as slain, both understand not; he slays not nor is slain.

"He is never born nor dies, nor will he, having being, evermore cease to be; unborn, eternal, immemorial, this Ancient is not slain when the body is slain."

In the *Crest Jewel of Wisdom,* Shankaracharya himself speaks thus:

"There is a certain selfhood wherein the sense of 'I' forever rests; who witnesses the three modes of being, who is other than the five veils; who is the only knower in waking, dreaming, dreamlessness; of all the activities of the knowing intelligence, whether good or bad, this is the 'I';

"Who of himself beholds all; whom none beholds; who kindles to consciousness the intelligence and all the powers; whom none kindles to consciousness; by whom all this is filled; whom no other fills; who is the shining light within this all; after whose shining all else shines;

"Here, verily, in the substantial Self, in the hidden place of the soul, this steady shining begins to shine like the dawn; then the light shines forth as the noonday sun, making all this world to shine by his inherent light."

Then the Catechism, in order to make clear the being of the Self, picks up the thought of the *Bhagavad Gita:* "These temporal bodies are declared to belong to the eternal lord of the body":

What is Atma, the Self?

He who stands in contrast with the physical body, the finer body, the causal body; who transcends the five veils; who is witness of the three realms of consciousness; being, in his own nature, Being Consciousness, Bliss: this is Atma, the Self.

This is a condensation from the Upanishads, and especially of the first part of the *Mandukya Upanishad:*

"All this is the Eternal, and Atma, the Self, is the Eternal. And this Atma, the Self, stands in four worlds:

"In the world of waking consciousness, objectively perceiving, of sevenfold form, with nineteen mouths, an enjoyer of gross substance, this is the physical self, Vaishvânara, the first foot.

"In the world of dream consciousness, subjectively perceiving, of sevenfold form, with nineteen mouths, an enjoyer of finer substance, this is the finer self, Taijasa, the second foot.

"Where, entered into rest, he desires no desire and dreams no dream, this is dreamless consciousness. Dreamless consciousness, unified, collective perception, made of bliss, an enjoyer of bliss, perceiving through the heart, this is the spiritual self, Prâjna, the third foot. This is the all-

lord, this is the all-knower, this is the inner ruler, this is the womb of all, the forthcoming and indrawing of beings.

"Neither subjectively perceiving, nor objectively perceiving, nor perceiving in both ways, neither collective perception, nor perception nor non-perception; unseen, not to be apprehended, not to be grasped, without sign of separation, unimaginable, unindicable, the essence of the consciousness of the Self, in which the manifest world ceases, full of peace, benign, secondless, this is held to be the fourth consciousness, this is Atma, the Self, this is the goal of wisdom."

We may express the same thing in another way: the first step is the consciousness of the mortal; the second step is the consciousness of the disciple, which, from the standpoint of the mortal, is dream-consciousness, but which the disciple knows to be of finer substance, more real than the consciousness of the physical world; the third step is the consciousness of the Master, the spiritual self, the all-knower, the inner ruler; the fourth step is the ultimate divine consciousness, complete oneness with the Eternal.

The Catechism takes the four steps up, one by one:

What is the physical body?

It is composed of the five states of substance, five-folded; it is born through Karma, the power of works; it is the abode in which pleasure and pain are tasted; it has these six changes: it comes to being, enters into birth, waxes, reaches the turning point, wanes, falls; this is the physical body.

The five states of substance, five-folded, will be fully explained later. The underlying idea is this: we have five senses: sight, hearing, touch, taste, smell. Each, we may say, opens up to us a realm of being, a state of substance, in the world about us. So we may say that, through the senses, we are brought into touch with five realms of being, five states of substance. But these substances are not simple; they appeal, not to one sense only, but to several: we can see a fruit; we can also touch it, taste it, smell it; if it falls to the floor, we can hear it fall. So with other things. They have in them that which appeals to several senses; they are compounded of the hypothetical substances that excite the perceptions of the senses. This is true of the physical body itself. Therefore it is said to be composed of the five substances, five-folded.

It is born through Karma: the body which we now wear is the direct result of our own former actions. It is the expression of the will and desire, the effort and abstinence, of past lives. We were brought, by spiritual gravitation, to the parents of this body, because they were fitted to bring into being just the body that our karmic impulses required. Thereafter, the body is, physically even, of our own making. It contains only what we take into it, whether in the simple sense of eating, or in the more complicated sense, of experience and effort. We are the sculptors

of our own features, writing on our faces the story of our desires or of our sacrifices.

The physical body is born, waxes, wanes, dies. We must look deeper for an enduring dwelling-place.

What is the finer body?

It is made of the five states of substance not five-folded; it is born through Karma, the power of works; it is the instrument for the tasting of pleasure and pain; it consists of seventeen divisions: five powers of perception, five powers of action, five vital powers, the emotional nature, the understanding; this is the finer body.

The key to the nature of this finer body is contained in the words of the *Prashna Upanishad:*

"So this bright one in dream enjoys greatness. The seen, as seen he beholds again. What was heard, as heard he hears again. And what was enjoyed by the other powers, he enjoys again by the other powers. The seen and the unseen, heard and unheard, enjoyed and unenjoyed, real and unreal, he sees it all; as All he sees it."

The meaning of this seems to be that the life of the finer body begins as a replica of the life of the physical body, being built up of images of what the outer eyes see, what the outer ears hear, what the outer understanding perceives. At this stage, it is a dream-body, the unregenerate psychic body, as Paul called it. But this mirror-consciousness can reflect from above, from the spiritual life, as well as from below, from the physical life: "The seen and the unseen, the heard and the unheard, the enjoyed and the unenjoyed, the real and the unreal." The light from above, the divine light, in time outshines the lesser light of earth, and the hour of regeneration draws nigh, the new birth from above, which shall usher the disciple into the kingdom of heaven.

Then, after the new birth, comes a period of growth, of building up, through the creative power which is beautifully described in the *Brihad-aranyaka Upanishad:*.

"When the spirit of man enters into rest, drawing his material from this all-containing world, felling the wood himself, and himself building the dwelling, the spirit of man enters into dream, through his own shining, through his own light. Thus does the spirit of man become his own light.

"There are no chariots there, nor steeds for chariots, nor roadways. The spirit of man makes himself chariots, steeds for chariots, and roadways. Nor are any delights there, nor joys and rejoicings. The spirit of man makes for himself delights and joys and rejoicings. There are no lotus ponds there, nor lakes and rivers. The spirit of man makes for himself lotus ponds, lakes and rivers. For the spirit of man is creator."

The great transition is thus described by Paul:

"It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in

weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a psychical body; it is raised a spiritual body. If there is a psychical body, there is also a spiritual body. The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is of heaven. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

The transformation of the psychical consciousness into the spiritual consciousness, whereby the interior nature receives the things from above, and remoulds itself on these, is begun by what we call "conversion," a process thus indicated in the *Katha Upanishad:*

"The Self-Being pierced the openings outward; hence one looks outward, not within himself. A wise man with reverted sight looked toward the Self, seeking immortality."

Conversion, or whatever we may call the change of direction from the below to the above, from the earthly to the heavenly, is only the beginning, the new birth, of which it has been said:

"Except a man be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

Commenting on a passage of the Upanishads, Shankaracharya says: "The waters, that is, the currents of Karma." If we were allowed to interpret the passage just quoted in the same way, taking "water" to mean the currents of Karma, then we should have the teaching that the spiritual body is born of Karma, as mother, engendered of the Spirit, as father. Then one who comes to birth through spiritual power alone, unconstrained by Karmic necessity, might be called Virgin-born, conceived of the Spirit.

We come now to the detailed description of the finer body. First, "it is made of the five states of substance not five-folded." This has been expressed in an analogous way, by saying that this finer body is not molecular, like the physical body, but atomic. Its birth from Karma, we have already considered.

Next, it is "the instrument for the tasting of pleasure and pain"; it is the real personality, for whose training all experience exists. The physical personality is but a wraith, a forecast of that which is to come into being through the second birth. Again, "it consists of seventeen divisions: five powers of perception, five powers of action, five vital powers, the emotional nature, the understanding." We shall best comprehend this, if we begin from above, with the Spirit, the one Self. That Self may be regarded as consciousness, as will, as life. It is not that the Self has consciousness, will and life; but that the Self is consciousness, will and life; or, perhaps better, that consciousness, will and life are the Self, according to the point of view from which we regard it. It is all three in one.

In the personal self, which is but the projection or expression of the

Self, each of these three aspects becomes fivefold; so that, instead of unitary consciousness, the pure power of knowing, we have the five powers: visual consciousness, auditory consciousness, tactile consciousness, and the consciousness of taste and smell. So, instead of unitary will, pure creative power, we have five powers of action: speech, handling, walking, reproduction, rejection. Creative force manifests itself in these five ways. In like manner, we have, instead of unitary life, five life-powers: the forward-life, which impels the perceptive powers; the distributive life, which impels the circulatory powers; the binding life, which impels the assimilative powers; the downward life, which impels the rejective powers; the upward life, which impels the power of aspiration. Their qualities are set forth in the *Prashna Upanishad:*

"From the Self is the Life born. And as the shadow beside a man, this is expanded in that. By mind's action it enters this body. And as a sovereign commands his lords: These villages and these villages shall ye rule over! Thus also Life disposes the lesser lives. For the lower powers the downward life; in sight and hearing, in mouth and nose, the forward life; and in the midst the binding life; this binds together the food that is offered; and thence the seven flames arise.

"In the heart is the Self. Here are a hundred and one channels. In these the distributing life moves.

"And by one, the upward, rises the upward life. It leads by holiness to a holy world, by sin to a sinful world, by both, to the world of men."

The *Katha Upanishad* says:

"A hundred and one are the heart's channels; of these one passes to the crown. Going up by this, he comes to the immortal."

All these powers, perceptive, active, vital, are destined to be reborn into the spiritual man, who, in his turn, shall hear and see, and stand and speak.

What, then, of the two remaining powers which, with these thrice five, make up the seventeen, the powers of feeling and understanding?

They too are to be transformed from the likeness of the earthly to the likeness of the heavenly, so that, instead of emotion, the spiritual man will possess the noetic power of the heart; instead of argumentative reason, he will possess intuitive understanding, the certain knowledge which springs from inspiration.

This, then, is, in outline, the story of the finer body, and its transformation from the psychical to the spiritual, through the new birth from above.

Here a word of caution: as was already pointed out, this process of regeneration can be really known in one way only: by experiencing it. It cannot even be truly understood until the four Attainments are in large measure possessed, for the new vista opens only to those who occupy the standpoint gained by mastering the four Attainments. No amount of intellectual effort, in itself, will avail to give that understanding, no

matter how keen and able the intellect may be, which seeks it, no matter how eager and protracted the effort.

We do not seek, therefore, to make the great transformation understood. Our hope is humble: by citing the testimony of those who have passed through it, to give such information as may at least diminish misunderstanding, and in this way make the conquest of the four Attainments easier; for the great barrier is the lower mind; by stilling the questionings of the lower mind, we may open the way for that moral and spiritual growth through which alone comes the light of real understanding.

(*To be continued*)

"No one can have a true idea of right until he does it, any genuine reverence for it until he has done it often and with cost, any peace ineffable in it until he does it always and with alacrity."

CONCERNING THE REAL AND CONCERNING SHADOWS[1]

Concerning the Real

"THE future of poetry is immense." This sentence rings out like a clarion call, a clear positive note from one whose philosophy was essentially a groping among half-articulated truths, whose own poetry reflected the "melancholy, long withdrawing roar" of the religious faith of the last years of the nineteenth century. Yet in poetry, we are told, "where it is worthy of its high destinies our race, as time goes on, will find an ever keener and surer stay. There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact, in the supposed fact; it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. But for poetry the idea is everything: the rest is a world of illusion, of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea *is* the fact. The strongest part of our religion today is its unconscious poetry." [2]

Strong words these and daring in "an age of prose and reason"! The question which concerns us, however, is not—are they strong and daring? but—are they true? And the first step toward an answer to this question is another: What does Arnold mean by poetry? The claim evidently carries with it more than the current definition of rhymed or rhythmic verse, no matter how exquisite the diction, how musical the cadences, or how accurately the sound is suited to the sense. Let him speak for himself.

"We should conceive of poetry worthily, and more highly than it has been the custom to conceive of it. We should conceive of it as capable of higher uses, and called to higher destinies, than those which in general men have assigned to it hitherto. More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without poetry, our science will appear incomplete: and most of what passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry."

We are now prepared for the definition of Aristotle, that "the superiority of poetry over history consists in its possessing a higher truth and a higher seriousness. This is a superiority of matter and substance

[1] The terms real and unreal are used here as in Eastern literature to mean permanent and transitory and imply the theory of different degrees of reality. The shadow of a tree, for instance, possesses reality of a certain kind; it is a real shadow; but in relation to the greater degree of reality attributed to the tree it is classed as unreal.

[2] Arnold, Matthew; *Essays in Criticism, second series, The Study of Poetry.*

as well as of diction and movement, but the two superiorities are closely related and in constant proportion one to the other."

Examples at once suggest themselves for analysis:

"Thou wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine:
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine." [3]

These lines of Poe are exquisite in manner and diction. Their imagery is perfect. Do they possess high truth and high seriousness? We are forced to answer, No. The love is of the earth only. The egoism of the last line condemns them.

Similar in manner and diction are the following lines of Whittier. But they are infused with a sense of the sublime logic of faith and self-surrender that lifts them easily up to a high standard of truth and seriousness.

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care." [4]

An illustration from *The Marshes of Glynn* [5] may make the matter clearer.

"Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmering band
Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the folds of the land.
Inward and outward to northward and southward the beach lines linger and curl
As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows the firm sweet limbs of a girl.
Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,
Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim gray looping of light."

. . . . . .

"Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn."

The first six lines are musical, unique, perfect, after their kind, in diction and movement, but they certainly do not attain to a high order of truth or seriousness. In the lines which follow the substance comes

[3] Poe, Edgar Allan; *To One in Paradise.*
[4] Whittier, John Greenleaf; *The Eternal Goodness.*
[5] By Sidney Lanier.

nearer to meeting the requirements of poetry conceived worthily. Later in the same poem, as will presently appear, the poet triumphs in truth and seriousness of the highest order.

Arnold, himself, in spite of his keen critical insight, seems to hover between half failure and attainment. Referring to the inevitable isolation of all human souls under the figure of isles, he writes:

> "A God, a God their severance ruled
> And bade betwixt their shores to be
> The unplumb'd salt estranging sea.[6]

Good as to manner and diction, yes! True and serious, yes! But not the highest. For the poem ends in a negation, a cleavage, and nothing that does not tend toward the positive and toward unity will ever satisfy the human soul, or win from it its highest praise.

In the exquisite lines from Thrysis, "A fugitive and gracious light he seeks, Shy to illumine: and I seek it too," he is tentative. Does he mean the light of the soul and its knowledge? Is not our hesitation in interpreting it the reflection of his own half faith. Wordsworth speaks with firmer voice.

> "Once again I see
> These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
> Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
> Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
> Sent up, in silence, from among the trees! . . .
>
> "These beauteous forms,
> Through a long absence, have not been to me
> As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
> But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
> Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
> In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
> Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
> And passing even into my purer mind,
> With tranquil restoration:—feelings too
> Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
> As have no slight or trivial influence
> On that best portion of a good man's life,
> His little, nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
> To them I may have owed another gift,
> Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
> In which the burthen of the mystery,
> In which the heavy and the weary weight

[6] To Marguerite—Continued.

Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things?" [7]

Perhaps the height is reached in this phrase of the "divine poet" quoted by Arnold: "In la sua voluntade è nostra pace." [8] Its movement and diction need no interpretation. As to matter and substance it is reinforced by the sublime self-surrender of Christ on the cross and by the high note struck in the wise old books of ancient India. "When all desires that were hid in the heart are let go, the mortal becomes immortal, and reaches the Eternal."

Poetry, then, is a criticism of life, a judgment upon or an interpretation of life. It is "the application of ideas to life." But these ideas must be "poetic" ideas, that is they must be possessed of a high truth and a high seriousness not common to all ideas; and they must be applied under the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty.

This is perhaps what Arnold means when he says that " we should conceive of poetry worthily, and more highly than it has been the custom to conceive of it." And to conceive of poetry thus means to limit as well as to elevate it. Much of the poetry of Chaucer or Burns, for instance, or even of Shakespeare, is a criticism of life in "a harsh, a sordid, a repulsive world." Such a criticism may be poetry. Often it possesses the "largeness, freedom, benignity," if not the beauty of truth and sanity. Yet, just as, in considering whether a certain race of men can be trained to a particular industry, one selects for experiment those individuals who already show a certain fitness for the work, so, in determining whether poetry is fitted to undertake the great task of answering the religious need of man, one selects such poetry as test instances which tend already to fill the conditions required. In the nature of the case such instances are more readily found in Tennyson's In Memoriam than in Burns' Tam o'Shanter, more likely to be furnished by a Hamlet than by a Falstaff. For more and more as we consider the subject the conviction grows that high truth and high seriousness resolve themselves into spiritual perception—the intuition of unseen values. And this is not morality; it includes it, just as it includes many other things such as law, truth, beauty.

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[7] Wordsworth, William; *Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey.*
[8] "In his will is our peace," Dante, *Paradise III, 85.*

This spiritual perception, this convergence of poetry and religion, is finely expressed by Santayana: "That the intuitions of religion are poetical, and that in such intuitions poetry has its ultimate function, are truths of which both religion and poetry become more conscious the more they advance in refinement and profundity. A crude and superficial theology may confuse God with the thunder, the mountains, the heavenly bodies, or the whole universe; but when we pass from these easy identifications to a religion that has taken root in history and in the hearts of men, and has come to flower, we find its objects and its dogmas purely ideal, transparent expressions of moral experience and perfect counterparts of human needs. The evidence of history or of the senses is left far behind and never thought of; the evidence of the heart, the value of the idea, are alone regarded." [9]

"What the religion of the vulgar adds to the poet's is simply the inertia of their limited apprehension, which takes literally what he meant ideally, and degrades into a false extension of this world on its own level what in his mind was a true interpretation of it upon a moral plane.

This higher plane is the sphere of significant imagination, of relevant fiction, of idealism become the interpretation of the reality it leaves behind. Poetry raised to its highest power is then identical with religion, grasped in its inmost truth; at their point of union both reach their utmost purity and beneficence, for then poetry loses its frivolity and ceases to demoralize, while religion surrenders its illusions and ceases to deceive." [10]

"Finely and truly does Wordsworth call poetry the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science . . . the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." And Arnold asks: What is a countenance without its expression? Santayana tells us that "religion is poetry become the guide of life, poetry substituted for science or supervening upon it as an approach to the higher reality."

So, if these critics be correct, we find that religion and poetry as they reach a higher and higher degree of truth and seriousness tend to come together; that at their highest point they are one; and that when they have reached this point they are capable of taking unto themselves the functions of science in the discovery of truth.

This is a large claim to make for poetry, yet, on the face of it, it is not without reason. A careful survey of the history of thought has convinced many that the mind knows only phenomena, that it can, in the nature of the case, never know the reality behind these appearances. Some have gone further and said that therefore man himself can never know. This is certainly not a justifiable position. Negative dogmatism, or even scepticism, regarding man's power of invention, discovery, and development are too evidently an anacronism in the age of flying machines, wireless telegraphy, and international peace conferences. If

[9] Santayana, George; *Poetry and Religion*, p. 284; New York, 1911.
[10] *Ibid*, 290.

metaphysical reality has not been apprehended by the mind; if the intellectual solutions of the puzzle of existence have remained pretty much as they were two thousand years ago; if the last word of the philosopher who advances by this road is scepticism and despair; it is nevertheless true that there have always been those who have recommended another approach to the problem; who have maintained against all opposition and contempt that reality can be apprehended by man, often that they have to some extent apprehended it: and they have testified of their knowledge with confidence and joy. These are the seers who see with the vision of the poet and speak his language.

To some extent the prophecy of a great future for poetry has already been fulfilled. We find, if we take the trouble to analyse the situation, that the scientists at the moment when they were most vehemently denying the value of the poetical approach to reality had already committed themselves to it. Even while insisting on their empirical method and carefully weighed conclusions (when conclusions were attempted) they were dependent on a faculty not of the intellect for their hypotheses.[11] And the verification of hypotheses is their appropriate method of discovery. Considering that it is the expression which reveals the nature of a man and the laws by which he lives, is not the intensely realized vision of the working of a law behind the facts of nature characteristic of a Newton or a Darwin phrased aptly enough as "the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science"?

For religion the case is even clearer. During the last ten years a school of theology has grown up which stands for the knowledge of religion—the knowledge of faith—as valid in one sphere just as the knowledge of reason is in another. Religious knowledge is defined as "our actual experience of the divine," [12] "a sense of superhuman beings with whom man can enter into practical relations." [13] "Beside the compulsiveness of the laws of thought, there is an instinctive compulsiveness which tells us that the spirit has found the truth even when reason is silent or contradictory: . . . Because man *is* part and parcel of the spiritual world and of the supernatural order; because in God he lives and moves and has his being, the truth of religion is in him implicitly, as surely as the truth of the whole physical universe is involved in every part of it. Could he read the needs of his own spirit and conscience he would need no teacher. But it is only by groping, by trying this or that suggestion of reason or tradition that he finds out what he really wants, what explains and satisfies that restless discontent of his, which is nothing else than the truth within him struggling to clear consciousness. Reason can but offer him this solution or that. It is Conscience that by an act of eager recognition leaps forward at times to grasp its own,

[11] Cf. Brent, Charles; *The Sixth Sense*, Chapter III.
[12] *The Programme of Modernism*, p. 96.
[13] Tyrrell, George; *Through Scylla and Charybdis*, p. 271.

and to lift the assent of reason to the level of a Faith that can then afford to dispense with reason's suffrage." [14]

This "revelation" Father Tyrrell compares to poetry. To both he ascribes an authoritativeness and a finality to be sharply distinguished from the "steady accumulation of experience and information" which is the product of the mind's activity.

Like causes should produce like effects. The effect of poetry is, in fact, similar to that of religion. No one sensitive to the influence of poetry questions its power to sustain and inspire. It supports the weak in time of hardship, consoles the afflicted, and spurs on the strong to new conquests. Whence comes the enormous inspirational power of a battle hymn or of a national anthem if this is not so. And it is particularly true of religious poetry. Otherwise our hymns might be written in prose, and crude as the verse often is we cling to it. A prose hymn is a contradiction in terms. For were it in substance a hymn this substance would overcome the form and transform the prose into poetry.

Those sections of the Bible which have held men most firmly and goaded them on to triumphant effort, if not verse, are poetry of the sublimest sort. Who can imagine a chapter of Leviticus sending a man singing to his martyrdom? But one can think such a thing of portions of the Psalms or of Isaiah.

Christ was the greatest of unconscious poets His life was one great poem: it was an *expression of spiritual law.* Even "the good man is a poet whose syllables are deeds and make a harmony in Nature." But Christ was the poet of poets in word as well as deed. How could it be otherwise? He came to feed our souls that we might have life—more abundantly. And what is this food but poetry of deed and word. It is the meat that perisheth not—"to do the will of him that sent me." It is the bread of life by which man should live—"every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." It is the water "springing up into everlasting life" of which whosoever drinks he shall never thirst. "Come unto me," he said, "all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest . . . rest unto your souls." And we, if we contain within ourselves more than the mere germ of poetic appreciation or spiritual understanding, which all men have, know that it is true. We know that "In la sua voluntade è nostra pace."

A similar tendency in the method of approach to reality is noticeable in modern philosophy. Beginning with the cautious tentative, experimental attitude of Professor William James the question of the validity of the intuition as a means to apprehend reality has received more and more serious attention from metaphysicians, until in Professor Henri Bergson it has become a consciously held epistemological theory. Bergson teaches that knowledge exists for life, not life for knowledge. The

[14] *Ibid,* p. 276-277.

function of the intellect is to serve action by ranging our experience before us in the guise of many possible lines of conduct.

From the standpoint of the intellect reality is something external to ourselves to be analysed and recombined. "The intellect is characterized by a natural inability to understand life." [15] But life is directly known, and known so far as we enter into it sympathetically. Intuition is the direct insight into the simplicity of reality, which has been distorted by our intellectual attitude toward it. "For—we cannot too often repeat it—intelligence and instinct are turned in opposite directions, the former towards inert matter, the latter towards life. Intelligence, by means of science, which is in its work, will deliver up to us more and more completely the secret of physical operations; of life it brings us, and moreover only claims to bring us, a translation in terms of inertia. It goes all round life, taking from outside the greatest possible number of views of it, drawing it into itself instead of entering into it. But it is to the very inwardness of life that *intuition* leads us—by intuition I mean instinct that has become disinterested, self-conscious, capable of reflecting upon its object and of enlarging it indefinitely." [16] Consciousness has, in the course of evolution, split up into intelligence and intuition because of its need to apply itself to matter and to life.

"In the absolute we live and move and have our being. The knowledge we possess of it is incomplete, no doubt, but not external or relative." . . . "the effort we make to transcend the pure understanding introduces us into that more vast something out of which our understanding is cut, and from which it has detached itself. And, as matter is determined by intelligence, as there is between them an evident agreement, we cannot make the genesis of the one without making the genesis of the other. An identical process must have cut out matter and the intellect, at the same time, from a stuff that contained both. Into this reality we shall get back more and more completely, in proportion as we compel ourselves to transcend pure intelligence." [17] In the intuition lies our hope of solving the puzzle of existence, which, from the beginning of history, the intellect has attacked in vain. It is a question of "a simple plunge into the flux of reality."

It is by this time evident that all these poets, theologians, philosophers are, in their different ways, saying one thing—that the poet makes a more direct attack on reality than the thinker. He not only reaches a higher reality, but he reaches it by a different line of approach. Instead of climbing laboriously by the circuitous road of the intellect, the poet takes the steeper short cut of intuition straight up the mountain side to its summit. The reality he reaches is a true reality. His method of approach is the appropriate way to the goal.

We now perceive that the particular essence of poetry, its seal of

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[15] Bergson, Henri; *Creative Evolution*, 1911, p. 165.
[16] *Ibid*, p. 176.
[17] *Ibid*, p. 199.

genuineness, lies in that word intuition. Intuition is the method of spiritual perception. It is the gate of entrance to the garden of the gods, the bridge to the real world of the spirit. By intuition the poet passes into regions where the reason is impotent to follow. He becomes not an originator, a creator of ideas, but a discoverer and transmitter. He "speaks from a higher self and tells more truth than he knows." One hears of poets who write forethoughtfully, as they would draw a chart, carefully making the outline and punctiliously filling in the details, all with an eye to the literary market. I doubt if poetry of a high truth and high seriousness is ever written thus. Real poetry is not written, it comes. True, it can be called for, a more or less effective appeal can be made, the way prepared, but, in the last analysis, poetry writes itself. Often it is so far beyond the personal consciousness of the poet that it is almost safe to infer that he does not, in the ordinary sense of the word, *know* what he writes because he could not.

Many phrases of great poets spoken with the clear ring of certain knowledge come to mind to illustrate this truth. For instance Shakespeare's well known phrase:

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will." [18]

Or take the lines from Wordsworth's sonnet, "It is a beauteous evening calm and free":

> "Listen, the mighty Being is awake,
> And doth with his eternal motion make
> A sound like thunder—everlastingly."

An equally good illustration is given in Goethe's Faust, through the mouth of the Earth-Spirit:

> "So schaff ich am sausenden Webstuhl der Zeit,
> Und wirke der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid." [19]

These statements as criticisms of life are characterized no less by a calm certainty than by high truth and seriousness. Yet their authors did not know them with their minds as one knows how many apples a basket contains. If they knew them, it must have been otherwise than intellectually. Yet many others by the intuition which grows out of living have found that they are true.

But one expects such things of the poets. They are poets, to be used as a source of rapture, a spiritual stimulant, or neglected as closed books according to the temperament, vision, and life philosophy of readers. More convincing, even, as proof of the validity of intuition as an approach to reality are less exalted instances, cases of mere mortals,

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[18] *Hamlet*, V, 2.

[19] "Thus at the roaring loom of time I work,
And weave the living garment of deity." —*Faust*, I.

the question of whose inspiration can not with a label of "genius" be barred from the divine curiosity of science. Yet these, too, speak what they know not under pressure of forces which they do not consciously control.

A little girl of ten, known to the writer, composed a poem on the occasion of the severe operation of a friend. The last verse runs as follows:

"Heed not the body's burning pain
But ever reach and strive to gain
The highest, noblest, and the best;
For now is God's eternal test."

This fragment not only shows a certain sense of rhythm and diction but reaches a standard of truth and seriousness not often attained by acknowledged poets. Has this child not stated in her own spontaneous language the burden of the great teachers of the East?—"The better is one thing, the dearer is another thing; these two bind a man in opposite ways. Of these two, it is well for him who takes the better; he fails of his object, who chooses the dearer." And is not this true to the universal spiritual consciousness of man?

Another instance of a child, known also to the writer, who wrote beyond his personal consciousness, suggests itself. A boy of seven, who could neither read nor write, asked his mother to take down a poem for him. "Mother, dear," he said, as she produced pencil and paper for the dictation, "you won't understand it unless you are holy." The poem follows:

"I who have a bent back, was not laborless, for I preached and healed, and paid all that I owed out of one silver nickel, but suddenly I was struck blind, and when I recovered I had the stone of holiness and liberty in my hand, but the stone of self I threw to the devil that was near me."

After he had finished he said, leaning over: "When you walk like this because you are old is that a hump back? Put bent because I'm old." So it was changed to bent. When his mother asked him why he called it a poem (it being unrhymed), he answered: "Because it *felt* like poetry." He recognized the quality of the matter and substance, though the form was not that of verse. Then his mother asked him what it meant. "Mother," he said, "if you held in your hand the stone of holiness and liberty, wouldn't you wish to throw away the stone of self?" This child of seven had, we must presume unconsciously, set down what might well be the last word of a philosopher saint in the summing up of a well spent life.

Such instances, I am convinced, could be multiplied indefinitely. If "there's a divinity that shapes our ends," there is also a power that fashions our speech to ends we know not. And this power, name it as

we may, has a striking unity of method and of message.[20] Its method is response to the direct attack of an awakened intuition. Its message is that the real and desirable as we see them are not really the real and desirable. Truth resides not in the phenomena of nature nor happiness in the prizes of human life. We must look deeper. And we have the power to find them where they are if we so will.

[20] It is interesting in this connection to compare Bergson's theory of the Vital Impulse in evolution as duration, movement intuitively perceived with the lines of Wordsworth and of Goethe quoted on page 29. The phrases "eternal motion," "sound like thunder" and "the roaring loom of time" are suggestive as illustrations of the unity of message delivered by the intuition.

LOUISE EDGAR PETERS.

(To be continued)

"Really to serve and please him we must perform, not merely the minimum that is required, but the maximum that loving zeal can discover."

BOOK OF MEMORIES.

EVOLUTION AND ATONEMENT

THERE have been two clearly marked periods in the attitude of writers on the Christian religion toward the great discoveries of Darwin and his fellow-workers. The first, unhappily, was that of hostility, of attack, the storm that Huxley wittily described, with keen irony, as the thundering of the drum ecclesiastic. The combat raged most fiercely about a dead letter view of the story of Adam, which theological argument had closely related with the teaching of the redemption.

Then came a wiser mood, when it was seen that the revelation of Darwin, the great idea of evolution, though not given a religious significance by him, was, nevertheless, in its vital essence, profoundly significant for religious thought: if there was evolution in the physical life of organic beings, then there was evolution in the spiritual consciousness of the human race; if the development of the body was true, the development of the soul was also true, a growth and splendor that have no limit. The first writer of power to seize this truth was Henry Drummond, in his noteworthy book, *Natural Law in the Spiritual World,* in which he very lucidly and cogently shows that the law of development works uniformly in both worlds, or rather in the one greater world of which these two are phases; that the growth of the body is the foundation and preparation for the growth of the soul. About the same time, two men eminent in the domain of physics, Tait and Balfour Stewart, wrote *The Unseen Universe,* in which they developed a remarkable argument for immortality based on the teachings of the higher physics; showing how, since every molecular movement causes an etheric movement, the sum of our personal activities expressed through bodily movement or molecular change in the substance of the brain, may be continued in an etheric body which we ourselves build up during life. As keynote of his book, Henry Drummond took a phrase of Herbert Spencer's, the dictum that, since life consists in correspondence with environment, immortal life would spring from perfect correspondence with a perfect environment. Drummond sought to show that the divine life, as manifested in Christ, is a perfect environment, and that by perfect correspondence with this, we enter immortal life.

A very similar line of thought is followed in a noteworthy book, *Evolution and the Need of Atonement,* by Stewart A. McDowall (1912), which embodies some of the best conclusions of modern thought. Essentially the book falls into three parts: first, a lucid summary of certain aspects of organic evolution, which resolves itself into a very refined, ingenious and somewhat complicated attempt to explain the mysteries of our hearts and wills by analogies drawn from afar; from the begin-

nings of life in the ocean, through the slow, momentous days when the first dwellers between the tides crawled up high and dry, and entrusted themselves to the wild novelties of air and sunshine, and thence through the long generations which led up to man. The second part is concerned with the life of the Master in Palestine, his inspired obedience and his sacrificial death, with a summing up of the elaborate reasonings, patristic, scholastic, dogmatic, which have been built about every event of that wonderful life; and especially about what is known as the doctrine of the atonement. The third part is an effort, very ingenious, and in some ways very luminous, to bring these two complex bodies of thought into harmony; to show in what way the doctrine of the atonement may find a place in the wider view of life which begins with a multitude of worlds, and then, on our own earth, traces the panorama of unfolding life from the first stirrings in the protoplasmic slime; the wide horizons which Darwin and his fellow workers opened up.

One of the most striking things in the book is an analogy which Mr. McDowall draws between that momentous transition by which life, hitherto confined to the waters of the ocean, suddenly emerged and began to develop on the land, and that still more momentous transition from merely physical life to a life which is mental and moral, the transition from the bodily to the spiritual. Let us imagine, he says, a "receptive" organism, that is, an organism capable of large responsiveness to environmental change, an organism on the main line of evolution, suddenly drifting to a new threshold, and now and again left stranded on a shore where new conditions, not of sun and air, but of supersensual influences act on it. Is it pressing analogy too far to suppose that a whole set of variations again limited in direction will be initiated, leading to a higher degree of consciousness and at last to self-consciousness? This last, giving the power of greatest response to the "new" conditions, will lead up to the ethical and spiritual phenomena of self-conscious organisms. Such a sudden change—the appearance of phenomena different in kind from all that preceded them—would be nothing more than a marked case of "discontinuous variation." Is it not possible, at the very least, that the reason for the appearance of moral and spiritual phenomena, for their sporadic and imperfect appearance in certain lower groups of animals whose colonial or gregarious habit has favored their manifestation to a certain degree, their omnipresence and importance in the highest creatures, men, may be that the organism has developed to a stage when a fresh environment, more different in kind than even water and land conditions, is able to influence it? It must of course be clearly understood that this environment has not suddenly come into being; what has happened is simply that a fresh factor of the total environment has become operative owing to the organism having reached a stage where it can be influenced by that factor.

Of the theological part of the book, I shall not try to give even an

outline. I can only illustrate it by a single paragraph: If a man is to be saved, says the author, he must accept Christ. That is certain, if Christianity means anything. But there is no time-limit set. God is the timeless One. Death is a great physical change, certainly, but it is not the severing of personal continuity. In personality lies the natural, as opposed to the revealed, promise of immortality. To the person, death is only a change: for some it may be the change to the imago, but for some there must surely be other larval existences.

So far, Mr. McDowall's book. There is much in it that is sterling and sincere. So far as I can judge, he has made himself master of both fields, the biological and the theological, and I doubt not that a great many people who, like him, have felt the insistence and importance of both, and yet find themselves wholly unable to reconcile them, keeping them in water-tight compartments in their minds, will gain from his reconciliation genuine relief and light.

All this I willingly acknowledge; yet I find within me a wonder whether much of the discord and need for reconciliation may not be due not so much to any real disharmony as to the tremendous activity of our argumentative minds, which cannot take life simply and quietly, but are ever piling Ossa on Pelion, building up mountains of ingenious reasoning, until almost crushed beneath their weight.

Much, very much of mental pain and anguish might have been saved, these many centuries, had we followed the wiser example of the Master and his method of taking life quite simply, of resting in spiritual experience, deferring all argument and cosmogonic theory. He had, very likely, a deep and practical reason for this avoidance of world-hypotheses, which so marks his teaching. His aim was practical, his touch dynamic. He set men doing certain things, in order that they might, through the working of the life-powers, become certain things. He led them into paths of growth and transformation, and he may have seen very clearly that, after they had grown even a little, they would see the world with new eyes; would see that all things had changed about them through the changes in themselves, so that it would be no metaphor to say that they beheld a new heaven and a new earth. Jesus was an evolutionist through and through; teaching the development of our life, he used the growth of the natural to make clear the growth of the spiritual. Again and again it is the unfolding of the plant, the tree, from the seed. So is our spiritual life to unfold and grow, not limited even to the measure of fruitful wheat that bears a hundredfold, or the expanse of the great tree in which heaven's birds build their nests, but limitless, wide as heaven, perfect as the Father is perfect. He set men on the path of illimitable development, by the dynamic force of his own life, his will, his love, and deferred all theorizing for the time when, with new-opened eyes, they should look upon the real world. Again and again he made it clear that our growth must lie in a new direction, not along the line of more

complicated bodily life; he practically anticipated the modern scientific belief that the physical body has already almost reached the limit of possible development; had, indeed, reached that limit decades of millenniums ago; if we are to continue to grow, we must take another direction, not limiting ourselves to the material, or overburdening ourselves with material things, but boldly breaking through into a new realm, dying that we may live, becoming transformed as completely as the larva is transformed when the husk of the chrysalis is broken and the imago, the winged creature of beauty, soars in the sunlight.

If we think of the new realm we are to enter as already possessed by consciousness, let us say the consciousness of the Master, then it may well be that we enter it by blending our consciousness with the consciousness which is already there; that this consciousness is thus the mediator, bringing us into at-one-ment with the divine; bridging over for us the chasm between what we are and what we are to be, so that we may pass from death into life. It may be that this is the reason for the sacrificial death; to show us, by a tremendous example, the process of our transformation, and at the same time to build the bridge to the unseen, by which we can cross thither. In the tragedy of the Master's death, there may be much more, but surely there is this: the revelation of that change, through pain and splendor, which shall set our feet on new, illimitable ways. We are here on the sure ground of verifiable and oft verified experience. "I die and rise with him," says Paul, "a new creature;" and countless generations of those who, through love, have dared, repeat it after him. Here is not theory, but life, the great, sacred thing which abides with us always, while theories and reasonings pass with the seasons and fitful fashions of the mind.

And if we ourselves, by obeying the rules, can enter into a renewed life, and, following it, can die and live, ushered into a new splendor of being; if in our very selves, even in this present life, we can enter into immortality and know ourselves immortal, by the direct and certain intuition through which we know ourselves to be alive; is it not wholly natural and inevitable for us to believe that the Master of the rules, who gave them to us, long ago passed through the same mutation, and lives as he declared that he would live, tremendously dynamic and effective, yet now as then scrupulously regardful of the freedom of our wills; waiting for the free motions of our hearts, because he is determined not to infringe on our divinity? Through direct experience we believe in the resurrection from death to immortality, for ourselves and for him; we believe in the resurrection because of what we can verify in ourselves, our own growth and mutation, our transformation which opens to us new worlds. We interpret the experience of the first disciples by our own. We do not believe in spiritual transformation in ourselves because of what they tell us of the resurrection; we believe what they tell us of the resurrection because of what we can verify in ourselves.

And here we may, perhaps, say something of what appears to us a deficiency in Mr. McDowall's book, which we have taken just because it is so good an example of the best thought to-day. He has much that is striking and beautiful to say of the death of Christ, but very little, it would seem, of his resurrection. I may be doing him injustice, but it seems to me that in this he goes with many sincerely religious men who, like Renan, believe that the visions of the disciples were illusions, the generous illusions of an ardent faith. But is not this view due to just such an incomplete understanding of the teaching of science as that which Mr. McDowall sets himself to remove: the belief that there is a contradiction between the teaching of evolution and the teaching of redemption? Have we not the clue in the modern teaching of the invisible world of finer substances and forces; in the possibility, already formulated by Tait and Balfour Stewart, of an etheric body, and the likelihood that the body of the resurrection was an etheric body, the corporeal body having been dissipated after death? Would not this make possible both the appearances after the resurrection and the strangeness of some of them, as, for example, the appearance in a closed room; and the inverse disappearance, which is called the ascension? Does not what we now know of matter and of its dependence on something finer and more durable behind it, make this not only possible, but almost inevitable?

So it seems to me that this very elaborate contrasting of the teaching of evolution and the doctrine of the atonement, and their even more elaborate reconciliation, with the painful mental and moral effort it involves, might, perhaps, have been rendered unnecessary by greater simplicity of heart. If we were only willing to rest in our own direct experience, to follow the rules given us, and thus to deepen and enrich that experience; if we could gain some practical knowledge of what it means to die that we may live, to obey that we may be free, how much happier we should be; happier, because few things in human life are more strained, fruitless and painful than these vast processes of reasoning before experience, which lead people into bitter controversies, so that they kill each other in thousands for an argument about infinite Mercy; happier, therefore, not only for what we may avoid, but far more, for what we may gain, something of the splendor, the superb tenderness, the high serenity of our real and immortal life. The Master of men from the beginning bore many burdens; few, perhaps, more painful than the mountain-weight of "religious" controversy among those whom he asks instead to become as little children that they may begin to grow into real life.

JOHN CHARLTON.

EARLY ENGLISH MYSTICS

III

THE VENERABLE BEDE

THE venerable author of the *Ecclesiastical History* was born in 673. His entire life was that of a recluse and scholar. He carefully investigated information and traditions about Christian teachers in Britain, during the early Roman period, and gives an account of it. But the portion of his history for which he takes responsibility as an historian is that which covers the period from 596 onward—the year of the landing of Augustine (the minor) at Thanet, and also the year of Columba's death at Iona. Bede's history thus deals with the very interesting period after the departure of a great leader—when the leader's disciples are put to the test of standing alone and standing true. From Bede's narrative of Columba's disciples, Aidan, Colman, and others of the settlement at Lindisfarne—the offspring of Iona—one feels that the seed Columba scattered brought forth abundant harvest.

Bede's fascinating history brings very conspicuously before the reader, a new element in British Christianity, a new attitude, that finally hindered and checked the valiant monks of Iona as the savage Picts and Saxons were never able to do. This new and strange element entered into British Christianity with the coming of Augustine. It is the self-aggrandising, intolerant policy of the Vatican.

That detestable policy of Peter's descendants with which the fourteen centuries since the landing at Thanet have made us too unhappily familiar asserted itself, at the very beginning of Augustine's mission, against the devout monks who continued the apostolic teaching of St. John. Augustine found among the Irish and Welsh monks certain differences in reckoning the calendar, wearing the tonsure, etc. The position he took in face of these differences is that which has become the chief characteristic of the Vatican; namely, that whatever is contrary to the custom of the Roman Apostolic Church is unrighteous and leads to damnation. The synod of British bishops which Augustine called in 603 is a striking manifestation of that most untheosophic attitude. Bede's account of the synod is very dramatic. "This being decreed, there came

> (as is asserted) seven bishops of the Britons, and many most learned men, particularly from their most noble monastery, which, in the English tongue is called Bancornburg, over which the Abbat Dinooth is said to hath presided at that time. They that were to go to the aforesaid council, repaired first to a certain holy and discreet man, who was wont to lead an eremitical life among them, advising with

> him, whether they ought, at the preaching of Augustine, to forsake their traditions. He answered, 'If he is a man of God, follow him.' —'How shall we know that?' said they. He replied, 'Our Lord saith, Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; if therefore, Augustine is meek and lowly of heart, it is to be believed that he has taken upon him the yoke of Christ, and offers the same to you to take upon you. But, if he is stern and haughty, it appears that he is not of God, nor are we to regard his works.' They insisted again, 'And how shall we discern even this?'—'Do you contrive,' said the anchorite, 'that he may first arrive with his company at the place where the synod is to be held; and if at your approach he shall rise up to you, hear him submissively, being assured that he is the servant of Christ; but if he shall despise you, and not rise up to you, whereas you are more in number, let him also be despised by you."

Unfortunately Augustine did not display the urbanity which is connected (etymologically, at least) with great cities, but in the most gauche and rustic manner reminded the British bishops of the smallness of their island, its remoteness from the great centres, and of their consequent ignorance of all which it behooves a Christian to know and to do.

The intolerance and gaucherie that marked the synod of 603 was no more auspicious for Augustine—if one takes a long view—than for the sons of Iona, though it won a speedy triumph for the embassy from Rome. Before Columba's shroud lay a century in dust, Roman arrogance effected the withdrawal of the Abbot from Iona. In 667 Colman, a successor of the valiant Founder, went back to Ireland, to continue in an islet of the West the tradition that reached Ireland from Patmos through Lerins and Marmoutier.

Bede was not an eye witness of the council that resulted in the withdrawal of Colman; he got his facts from others. But in the disposition of his information he shows the splendid power of imaginative portraiture which won laurels for the great Elizabethan dramatist. Like Shakespeare, Bede brings kings and priests from the dust of the chronicle, and invests them with the vividness of individuality and life. He dramatizes. He presents entirely concrete personalities, who are at the same time, generic types—types that have become familiar, the ecclesiastic and the saint. The council assembled at Whitby, where Hilda, like Brigid of Kildare, was the revered Abbess of a group of monks as well as of a community of nuns. The Northumbrian King presided at the council. Hilda, Cedd, and other loyal children of Iona gathered around Columkill's successor who was accused of damning deeds by the Roman legate. The King commanded Abbot Colman to speak first and to declare the origin of his Scottish customs and traditions. The Abbot's replies are very brief, very explicit. They are answers to questions, not a defence of any mooted point (*Qui s'excuse s'accuse*). The customs

and doctrine taught from Iona are those of "our forefathers, men beloved of God." And that this doctrine may not seem to any contemptible or worthy to be rejected, the Abbot declares that *"it is the same which St. John the Evangelist, the disciple beloved of our Lord,* with all the churches over which he presided, is recorded to have observed." Wilfrid, ambassador for Rome, speaks in just the manner that marked Augustine's interview with the Welsh bishops. He has travelled. Everywhere he has found conformity to Rome except among these priests and monks, "and their accomplices in obstinacy, I mean the Picts and the Britons, who foolishly, in these two remote islands of the world, and only in part even of them, oppose all the rest of the universe." The Abbot replies very briefly, very quietly, "It is strange that you will call our labours foolish, wherein we follow the example of so great an apostle, who was thought worthy to lay his head on our Lord's bosom, when all the world knows him to have lived most wisely." But the Vatican triumphed, and Peter's shadow supplanted John's disciples.

Bede's history, fortunately, covers Christian activity throughout all England, not merely the mission of the Roman embassy. The companions of Augustine had the smaller share in the privilege of teaching the "way" in England; the larger share fell to the sons of Iona. So that though Bede's history does make conspicuous what we have called the policy of the Vatican (the figure is an anachronism, since the Popes were not then dwelling in the Vatican), it gives also a narrative of deeds as heroic and noble as those that make the lives of Patrick and Columba radiant.

Aidan seems most closely to have walked in his great Founder's footsteps. By the charm of his piety he won over all the North of England, Northumbria as it was called. Oswald, heir of the Northumbrian crown, was a fugitive from his kingdom, which the Picts temporarily held. In his exile, Oswald found his way to Iona, and became a student of the "way." Afterward he was able to return to the duties of governing. His first act was to ask the Abbot of Iona for a teacher who might bring down into Northumbria the mysterious wisdom of the Cross. Bede tells how the choice fell upon Aidan. "There was first sent to him

> another man of more austere disposition, who, meeting with no success, and being unregarded by the English people, returned home, and in an assembly of the elders reported, that he had not been able to do any good to the nation he had been sent to preach to, because they were uncivilized men, and of a stubborn and barbarous disposition. They, as is testified, in a great council seriously debated what was to be done, being desirous that the nation should receive the salvation it demanded, and grieving that they had not received the preacher sent to them. Then said Aidan, who was also present in the council, to the priest then spoken of, 'I am of opinion, brother, that you were more severe to your unlearned hearers than you ought

> to have been, and did not at first, conformably to the apostolic rule, give them the milk of more easy doctrine, till being by degrees nourished with the word of God, they should be capable of greater perfection, and be able to practise God's sublimer precepts.' Having heard these words, all present began diligently to weigh what he had said, and presently concluded, that he deserved to be made a bishop, and ought to be sent to instruct the incredulous and unlearned; since he was found to be endued with singular discretion, which is the mother of other virtues, and accordingly being ordained, they sent him to their friend, King Oswald, to preach; and he, as time proved, afterwards appeared to possess all other virtues, as well as the discretion for which he was before remarkable."

Oswald gave Aidan the isle of Lindisfarne for his residence—an island which at ebb tide is connected with the mainland. As Aidan could not speak the Northumbrian language, the King journeyed with him as interpreter, delivering to his subjects the priest's message. The people joyfully flocked together to hear the King and the monk, and many more monks came from Iona to assist. Oswald granted to all land for monastic centers. Aidan built up a school at Lindisfarne, similar to the parent group at Iona, and left many famous disciples, Hilda, Cedd, etc. In the latter part of his life, he withdrew, for more intimate study, to the barren rock islet of Farne, which is at a distance of nine miles from Lindisfarne. There, in a cave, closed by a goatskin, and looking out on sea and sky, Aidan gave himself up to the arduous and pleasant labor of meditation, leaving to his disciples, the care of the outward work.

Though Aidan and his helpers, with the assistance of the royal interpreter, King Oswald, brought Christianity into the North of England, and established centres there which became renowned, Oswald was not the first Christian King of the North. His uncle Edwin accepted, after cautious deliberation, the new doctrine from the teaching of Paulinus, who with three others was sent by Pope Gregory to aid Augustine. King Edwin had sought in marriage the daughter of the King of Kent, who had become a convert. Her sponsors were not willing to let her depart to the northern kingdom to a pagan husband unless he promised to receive a priest along with his bride. Edwin consented. And Paulinus was sent to accompany the bride, Ethelberga. Edwin was a student and a man of thought. His conversion was not like that of so many chieftains, a sudden impulse and emotion. He listened attentively and pondered the new doctrine. "And being a man of extraordinary sagacity, he often sat alone by himself a long time, silent as to his tongue, but deliberating in his heart how he should proceed, and which religion he should adhere to." At last, unwilling to proceed alone in so important a matter as religion, the King called a council of his nobles to confer with him. First spoke Coifi, High Priest of Paganism—with a sort of commercial view-point. "O king, consider what this is which is now preached to

us; for I verily declare to you, that the religion which we have hitherto professed has, as far as I can learn, no virtue in it. For none of your people has applied himself more diligently to the worship of our gods than I; and yet there are many who receive greater favours from you, and are more preferred than I, and are more prosperous in all their undertakings. Now if the gods were good for anything, they would rather forward me, who have been more careful to serve them. It remains, therefore, that if upon examination you find those new doctrines, which are now preached to us, better and more efficacious, we immediately receive them without any delay." One understands that the thoughtful King could not have been closely held to a religion represented by such a priest. Much more to the King's mind must have been the poetic nobleman who used the famous simile of a winter sparrow to picture earthly life. "The present life of man, O king, seems to me, in comparison of that time which is unknown to us, like to the swift flight of a sparrow through the room wherein you sit at supper in winter, with your commanders and ministers, and a good fire in the midst, whilst the storms of rain and snow prevail abroad; the sparrow, I say, flying in at one door, and immediately out at another, whilst he is within, is safe from the wintry storm; but after a short space of fair weather, he immediately vanishes out of your sight, into the dark winter from which he had emerged. So this life of man appears for a short space, but of what went before, or what is to follow, we are utterly ignorant. If, therefore, this new doctrine contains something more certain, it seems justly to deserve to be followed." The result of the deliberation was that the King gave Paulinus license to teach publicly, and inquired of Coifi what should be done with the pagan shrines and altars. The royal philosopher would seem reluctant to act with violence against what had represented his ideals. But the shrewd Coifi was not willing to cloud his future by leaving any suspicion in the minds of men as to his loyalty to decrepit gods. He buckled on armor, leaped upon a horse (practices forbidden to the priesthood), and rode at once to his former shrines, which he set afire, after hurling his spear at the statue of the god. The legends say that such a golden age of peace was ushered in by the King's acceptance of Christianity that "a woman with her new-born babe might walk throughout the island, from sea to sea, without receiving harm." But that reputed era of peace could not have been of long duration, for shortly afterward Edwin was slain in a battle against neighbors, and all was confusion until Oswald returned from Iona, in the manner already described.

Bede's plan of including in his history of the English Church all those who worked for Christianity in the British Isles, leads him to mention among others St. Fursey, whose life belongs more to Ireland and to France than to England. This great mystic came out of his native Ireland to escape the throngs drawn to him by his odor of sanctity. He

built a monastery and established regular discipline among the East Saxons (Suffolk). But when the public turmoils became so disturbing that even a monastery was no longer a retreat for spiritual students, he crossed over to France, and under the protection of Clovis built there a monastery to continue his study. The accounts of his life that have come down show there in the seventh century the teaching of a secret doctrine that has continued through all centuries, and that came to splendid poetic expression later, in the thirteenth century, in the work of Dante. Dante has been called an Initiate. If so, one inclines to regard Fursey and others like him as chelâs. Fursey, much more than Patrick or Columba, is the typical mediæval Saint who is such an abhorrence to the modern world. The verdict to-day, upon his life, would be, "an unfortunate, afflicted with fits that filled his eyes and ears with fearful sights and sounds." Yet when read with sympathetic eye and heart, the record of those so-called epileptic sights and sounds is seen to be a portion of that wisdom which is hidden from the wise of this world. Fursey narrated his inward experience in a manner similar to Dante, but without Dante's magnificent architecture. Like Columba, Fursey was of royal Irish birth, and was a student from boyhood, and early sought the secret teaching that found its centres in the monasteries. During some physical illness—which to so many becomes a medium for the conveying of truth, Fursey attained a new and higher plane of consciousness in which he was not mindful of the incidents and events that usually fall under observation—or as Bede relates it, he "quit his body from the evening till the cock crew." In that period of high consciousness Fursey beheld the choirs of angels, and heard the praises which are sung in heaven. "He was wont to declare, that among other things he distinctly heard this: 'The saints shall advance from one virtue to another.' And again 'The God of gods shall be seen in Sion.'" Three days later, Fursey had a similar experience crowded with perceptions of truth; he saw the great joys of the blessed, and the extraordinary combats of evil spirits who endeavor to molest and thwart those who struggle toward righteousness. "When he had been lifted up on high, he was ordered by the angels that conducted him to look back upon the world. Upon which, casting his eyes downward, he saw, as it were, a dark and obscure valley underneath him. He also saw four fires in the air, not far distant from each other. Then asking the angels, what fires those were? he was told they were the fires which would kindle and consume the world. One of them was of falsehood, when we do not fulfil that which we promised in baptism, to renounce the Devil and all his works. The next of covetousness, when we prefer the riches of the world to the love of heavenly things. The third of discord, when we make no difficulty to offend the minds of our neighbors even in needness things. The fourth of iniquity, when we look upon it as no crime to rob and to defraud the weak. These fires, increasing by degrees, extended so as

to meet one another, and being joined, became an immense flame. When it drew near, fearing for himself, he said to the angel, 'Lord, behold the fire draws near me.' The angel answered, 'That which you did not kindle shall not burn you.'" The angels parted the flames for Fursey, and he then had a more extended view of the heavenly troops. He saw also holy men of his own nation from whom he heard many salutary things. It was popularly said of Fursey that his body was branded by those hell-flames as he passed through them, just as Dante's face was said to be clouded with hell-smoke. For his own part he kept discreet silence about his experiences: "he would relate them only to those who from holy zeal and desire of reformation wished to learn the same." Bede got oral information about the Saint from a brother monk who had talked with a religious man to whom Fursey himself related the experiences.

The Irish influence extends also over four devout brothers who went out from Lindisfarne to labor. Chad, the most famous of the four, afterwards became Abbot of Lindisfarne, and succeeded his brother Cedd as bishop of Lichfield. Chad formed a school at Lichfield, and continued as far as possible the traditions handed down from Iona to Lindisfarne. He accepted for intellectual study those fitted for it, and trained differently those for whom some other approach was easier than the intellectual. At Lichfield there was one monk, Owini, of singular devoutness, but incapable of severe mental application. Bede relates that to this devout brother was granted through the perfectness of his devotion, a knowledge of spiritual things that some of the more learned monks did not gain by study. One day, this humble Owini was working in the garden, while the other monks were at their books, and the abbot was praying in the Chapel. On a sudden, Owini heard "the voices of

> persons singing most sweetly and rejoicing, and appearing to descend from heaven. Which voice he said he first heard coming from the south-east, and that afterwards it drew near him, till it came to the roof of the oratory where the bishop was, and entering therein, filled the same and all about it. He listened attentively to what he heard, and after about half an hour, perceived the same song of joy to ascend from the roof of the said oratory, and to return to heaven the same way it came, with inexpressible sweetness. When he had stood some time astonished, and seriously revolving in his mind what it might be, the bishop opened the window of the oratory, and making a noise with his hand, as he was often wont to do, ordered him to come in to him. He accordingly went hastily in, and the bishop said to him, 'Make haste to the church, and cause the seven brothers to come hither, and do you come with them.' When they were come, he first admonished them to preserve the virtue of peace among themselves, and toward all others; and indefatigably to practice the rules of regular discipline, which they had either

been taught by him, or seen him observe, or had noticed in the words or actions of the former fathers. Then he added, that the day of his death was at hand; for, said he, 'that amiable guest, who was wont to visit our brethren, has vouchsafed also to come to me this day, and to call me out of this world. Return, therefore, to the church, and speak to the brethren, that they in their prayers recommend my passage to the Lord, and that they be careful to provide for their own, the hour whereof is uncertain, by watching, prayer, and good works.'

"When he had spoken thus much and more, and they, having received his blessing, had gone away in sorrow, he who had heard the heavenly song returned alone, and prostrating himself on the ground, said, 'I beseech you, father, may I be permitted to ask a question?'—'Ask what you will,' answered the bishop. Then he added, 'I entreat you to tell me what song of joy was that which I heard coming upon this oratory, and after some time returning to heaven?' The bishop answered. 'If you heard the singing, and know of the coming of the heavenly company, I command you, in the name of our Lord, that you do not tell the same to any before my death. They were angelic spirits, who came to call me to my heavenly reward, which I have always longed after, and they promised they would return seven days hence, and take me away with them.' "

A similar reward of devotion came to a humble servant, Cædmon, of Hilda's monastery. Hilda is the Brigid of England. She was a great-niece of King Edwin, and received her first teaching from Paulinus. She proved an apt pupil, and was preparing to go over into France for more intimate instruction when Aidan of Lindisfarne took her under his own direction, and gave her a retreat for herself and a few women. She was gifted as a teacher, and handed on to her pupils the instruction which Aidan and other devout men gave her, drawn to her by her "innate wisdom and inclination to the service of God." She was so able in bringing souls under the sweet yoke of regular discipline that she was given the singular task and honor which had been St. Brigid's; she was made the teacher of a group of men, and became the Abbess of a monastery and of an affiliated nunnery. It was in her monastery that the verses were written down which are to-day the oldest example of our language—Cædmon's Anglo-Saxon verses on the Creation. Cædmon was not a religious but a menial. His sympathy with the work done by the monks was expressed in his humility and reverence, and earned him the privilege of serving in the stable of the monastery. He was not a young man but "well advanced in years," and up to the time of his inspiration knew nothing more of the world of life and letters than any other hostler. He was different from his fellow workers in that he could not find a semblance of satisfaction in their dissipating revelry. But he was not

morose. He was sociable; he desired companionship, and sought it in the proper place, among his comrades. He could not, however, join in their songs, both from musical ineptitude and moral aversion. One night he left a house where his comrades were seeking diversion, and went to the stable "where he had to take care of the horses that night; he there composed himself to rest at the proper time; a person appeared to him in his sleep, and saluting him by his name, said, 'Cædmon, sing some song to me.' He answered, 'I cannot sing; for that was the reason why I left the entertainment, and retired to this place, because I could not sing.' The other who talked to him replied, 'However you shall sing.'—'What shall I sing?' rejoined he. 'Sing the beginning of created things,' said the other. Hereupon he presently began to sing verses to the praise of God, which he had never heard."

Many of the monks imitated Cædmon's example in turning Scriptural story into verse, but Bede says none of them could equal Cædmon, because he was wholly taught by God. The rest of his days Cædmon spent in the monastery "serving God with a pure and simple mind in undisturbed devotion."

One other great Saint and Abbot lived and prayed at Lindisfarne—Cuthbert. He was trained in Scotland. When he was sent to Lindisfarne, he chose for his outer work preaching in villages remote and inaccessible among crags and rocks, inaccessible also on account of the barbarous hearts of the inhabitants. But the historian says that Cuthbert's sweetness drew men to him and compelled them to give up the dark secrets of their hearts. After much self-sacrificing labor, Cuthbert transferred his cell to the bare rock of Farne, praying there alone, with only sky and sea in sight, and raising by miracle, it would seem, from the rock soil the meagre crop of barley which gave sustenance. But, like St. Martin, Cuthbert could not escape the solicitations of men. He refused a bishopric. King, bishops and priests, however, came to his rock and on their knees implored him to aid in the work of the Church. He sacrificed his solitude and study to serve them. For two years he labored in episcopal activities. Then with a premonition of death, he retired again to solitude on Farne. Before death he reluctantly consented that his body should be carried back to Lindisfarne. He died in 687.

Bede was born in 673, a few years before the death of Cuthbert. Bede wrote, or finished, the *History* in 731, four years before his own death. Cuthbert is the last churchman of this period who shows the influence of Iona. Bede himself was altogether of the Roman tradition. He was born—almost—in a Roman monastery. Actually he was born at a place which shortly after his birth was granted to one Benedict Biscop for a monastery. Bede's parents sent him at seven years into the monastery that Biscop founded at Wearmouth, for education, and Bede spent all the rest of his life there. Biscop was of English birth, but his

temperament took him to Rome, and not to Iona. He had many interviews with the Pope of the day, and each time he returned from Rome, Biscop brought with him customs and usages of the Roman Church. The monastery at Wearmouth in which Bede passed all his life was dedicated to St. Peter. There Bede learned the manner of chanting the Roman liturgy from the priest John, whom Biscop had brought with him from Rome for the purpose of instructing the English nation. Gradually the Roman liturgy and traditions supplanted the older Gallican use which had come to Britain with St. Patrick. In the differences between the Roman and the native ecclesiastics, Bede always presents his countrymen as in the wrong. His history ends with a picture of all Britain brought into conformity with the true Roman Church. But Bede was a scholar, and had a great deal of the scholar's pride about the correctness of his information, etc. In carrying out his purpose of glorifying the Roman authority, he makes quite clear the nature of the older tradition in Britain and the older claims—though he does not himself approve that tradition. His testimony is of high value and his record of the century and a half following Columba's death is of very great interest.

SPENSER MONTAGUE.

(It is a singular pleasure to record thanks to an appreciative reader in England. I have never had the good fortune to know any one who delights in Bede's *History* as I do. It is therefore a great surprise and a lively pleasure to receive through the Editor, two interesting books and many lovely photographs sent by an English reader of the QUARTERLY who has the most loving interest in the church and monastery where Bede lived.—S. M.)

SOME ASPECTS OF THEOSOPHY

As Seen by a New Member of the Society

VII

"PRAY FOR THEM THAT PERSECUTE YOU"

THE beginner was dining with some charming friends. The seat on the hostess' right hand was vacant. "A faithful doctor is never free from calls to duty," it was explained.

When the Doctor came in he was amusedly irate: "For once," he declared, "I was really tempted to abandon a very sick patient by refusing a call. It would have been a warning and a lesson to him and to others to keep away from quacks."

"What variety was it this time?" was the host's query.

"A very sick man did not think that Nature knew her business in rebuilding slowly after years of neglect and abuse, so, the other day when I called, I was told that the case had been placed in the hands of a Theosophist!"

"A what?" cried the hostess, with a glance of fun at the beginner, with whom she had recently attended a meeting of the local Branch.

"That's what he advertises himself as—a Theosophist; and on his cards he specifies himself as a 'Practitioner of Medical Theosophy.'"

This is the sort of experience that may confront the seeker for light in his first contact with the Theosophical movement. Perhaps comfort may lie in the suggestion that such experiences may be in the nature of a test or a warning. If egotism be so strong as to be mortified or chagrined it may be well for the seeker to turn away after this stumble rather than to risk a harder fall later. This, however, is an afterview and was not clear the night of the dinner, while the beginner tried to meet with faith, yet without assertion, the raillery of his friends.

Yet there came to him later the question, "why do they permit the abuse of the name?"

So, at the next of those memorable lunches; all too-soon cut off, that the inquirer might be forced to think and act for himself after being given loving guidance and well-tempered wisdom; the Modern Mentor was asked, "All sorts of people, and most of them decidedly queer, use the name of the T. S. and even do what none of you do—call themselves Theosophists. Why don't you get out an injunction and at least stop the abuse of the Society's name, even if you cannot prevent the other?"

The Mentor leaned back and laughed. "My dear boy, do you really and truly think that you are sincere in wishing to join the T. S.?"

"Of course I am," was the instant answer.

"But how can you be when you evidently have not taken in one of the very first principles of the Society?"

"What do you mean, please?"

"Tolerance."

"But what has that got to do with the abuse of the Society's name by people who offend all of its principles?"

"Do they not each of them believe that they have a right to use the name? You must, if you would join the T. S., learn to be tolerant and see only their sincerity, always remembering the warning of the *Bhagavad Gita,* 'the duty of another is full of danger.' Would we be tolerant, if, by force, through turning to the civil law, we sought to prevent by external means, others from doing what they believe?"

"But think of the cruel harm done the T. S."

There was no amusement left in the Mentor's manner; he was grave almost to severity and his voice was reverent when he answered, "Think of the cruel harm that has been done our great Master Jesus Christ by those who call themselves Christians, yet can you think of His stretching forth His all-powerful hand to save His Name? Does He not rather pray for those who hurt Him and persecute Him?"

The luncheon was left in silence and the beginner had learned to see that what the T. S. stands for must be accepted, with all its hazards, in absolute sincerity and literalness. And some understanding of all that this involves was given him when, the next time they met, his Mentor gave him, without comment, a copy of Professor Mitchell's *Theosophy and the Theosophical Society.*

To advise another may not be safe, yet risks must be taken, so this beginner ventures to express a wish that all those in his static relation to the movement would take the trouble to get this guide to some appreciation of what the T. S. is and why its members absolutely carry out in the Twentieth Century the Rule of the Master of our Christian church, "Pray for them that persecute you."—Matthew v. 44.

VIII

"LEARN YE TO FOLLOW; ERE YE SEEK TO GUIDE"

A young business man had activities that took him to several cities. In one of them the chance of business relations brought him again in contact with some family friends and through these friends he met a Group of people, of which they formed an integral part. He found all of the Group to be most charming socially and, where business also brought contact, he found them to be equally as able. So strong was the impression of real greatness that he was shocked when chance brought to him from the outside the news that they were all active members in the local Branch of the T. S. He went so far as to try to brush out of his mind the remembrance and to maintain the relationship on the familiar

basis of social appreciation and affection and business confidence and respect. He even felt a bit apologetic in his own mind that he should have chanced upon this "mortifying secret"—for as such he found himself regarding the fact.

But into the blank chaos and utter blackness, into which the kind rigors of a kinder Fate threw him; to sorrow and despair, until he should hunger for help and welcome it, even in the lesson he was learning; came a soft light. It was dim and perhaps diffuse, but it lighted him onward. Soon without knowing it his feet were fumbling for a Path he knew not existed, thinking only of the comfort that there "was light." At the time unwittingly he turned to his friends of the Group. They were not close friends in the conventional sense. Those closer to him conventionally often wondered why he went where he did for "comfort." The secret was perhaps in that word. In the ordinary sense he was not given "comfort." Pity was a foreign thought, but infinite tenderness and sympathy were offered him in even thought-silence. Out of the stiffening of will and effort, all but entirely dissipated in the reaction from the Lesson of Grief, came an interest in subjects which had been lost sight of in the pressure of active business and great happiness. From this came a tide that changed the drift into a current. The "mortifying secret" came back into his intellectual consciousness and he remembered that his friends were of the T. S. and he began to ask questions. Before he realized that he had formulated a want that was not to be satisfied until he should have been enrolled with them in the T. S.; he reached, through purely intellectual processes of observation and conviction, the conclusion that the secret existed. He saw that it was their endeavor to live up to the spirit of the Theosophical movement that was the explanation of their power on all the planes on which he had contacted with them—socially, financially and in their sympathy in his sorrow. In other words he grew to believe absolutely that the charm, the ability, the loveableness, the unselfishness and the all-round power of this Group was an expression of that Something which also made them active members in the T. S.

If you knew of people who had found gold in an open and unpreempted region, geographically adjacent, would you not seek to follow them and endeavor to get them to share their discoveries with you, even if you knew nothing about mining and metallurgy? In a crude way this analogy illustrates the feeling that led the young man to fasten himself upon one of the Group, seeking every opportunity of obtaining some idea of that far Land of Spiritual El Dorado, that to his friends seemed as if but across the road, but which to him still seemed as distant as the mountains, shining white above forbidding crags, away, 'way off against the horizon. The friend to whom he turned, while remaining a friend soon became a Friend, and later was adopted as a Mentor or Guide to the Path that began to be outlined dimly stretching toward the distant horizon.

When this happened it came back to the hungry Inquirer that his Guide, during all the years that had passed, had again and again, with seeming carelessness and with the lightness of play of a finished angler, offered him opportunities for questions. Every once in a while some book "that you might find of interest" in regard to this or that point had come up in conversation. Some of these books had even been secured at the time, but had been cast aside after feeble efforts to open them at all after the momentary stimulus had waned in its effect.

Crouched like a dog at heel waiting for his Friend to look less tired under the battering of questioning, the Inquirer seized upon a physical movement that broke the momentary repose to dash forward to express something he had grown to feel strongly:

"Think, dear Mentor, of the years that I have wasted, of all that I have lost just because you did not take me by the throat and knock my silly head against a wall and punctuate the thumping by saying 'you're starving and even if you don't know it I am going to make you eat and drink!'" The Inquirer spoke jestingly just because he knew that at last he was expressing the regret that had grown; the lament that could no longer be stilled.

It was to his real feeling and not to his surface manner that the Mentor replied, "Again and again through all these years I have wished that I might do that very thing, but it was not to be—then. Some day you will learn that there must be a demand before it can be supplied and that mere need will not suffice. This is the price we pay for the terrible yet wonderful Gift of Free-Will. The Masters Themselves may crave to reach us and enlighten us, but even They are powerless until the Soul first cries out for Their Help."

Now must be confessed something that to those who are also beginning will sound like a more-or-less "silly paradox," to quote from the writer's own too-recent vocabulary. The truth of this simple statement by his Mentor was so absolute and complete that not even a tiny inkling of its significance and possibilities of ramification reached the would-be student for a long, long time. And then only after weary and momentarily-bitter experiences. Take this letter "O"; it is simple and insignificant; yet it can be used as a symbol of the Very Highest and yet to some it also expresses a baby's first unthinking cry.

"Bumps open the brain," a wise old nurse used to tell the mother of a large flock, and there may be occult truth contained in her wisdom as well as the cheery comfort she thus expressed. Is it not a fact that most "freshmen" or "new chums" or "tenderfeet" or however you would describe that familiar state, seem convinced that they "know it all"? And worse than that have they not usually the "fool courage of their callow convictions?" A favorite manifestation of this is in the application of various "new discoveries" to their own lives in the face of older coun-

sellors. Let not the beginner think that when he turns toward the occult he automatically sheds his old faults and his old difficulties. There seems to be but one Law, though it may have many Aspects, as you view it from any one of its six sides. Only in the fourth dimension (as so wonderfully and charmingly explained that even a child may follow) may you see it in its entirety. And for this explanation turn back to John Charlton's little gem of making plain occult phenomena published in a recent number of THE QUARTERLY.

This is a digression but it is also an illustration that while you must keep your feet on the Path it is well to know where you are going lest you wander off!

Servetus was a spiritual freshman, indeed, he was a "prep-school" freshman at that, but he did not know it. He too had need to learn from the Primer of Life that Humility is a Power—"Learn," why that is a ridiculous assertion—"hope to appreciate something some day of that great Truth that Humility is Power" were the safer phrase. "Learn"—do we ever "learn"—is not our very best an ardent yearning to Learn?

Of course the Mentor was wise, but he was a bit old-fogyish, or so, at least, thought his pupil. Look at the mistake that had been made in the pupil's own case. He would not be so cruel. He would not stand by idly and let others suffer. Even if they did not know that they were suffering he could tell from his own pain and agony; and simple decency required that he should go to their aid. Mentor was a wonderful fellow; one of that group designated as "saint-men" by the pupil's little boy, but warrior saints have not been seen by modern men to their own knowledge. The time had come to be brave. The whole spirit of the age is "progress"; why not progress in matters spiritual?

So then reasoned the pupil. He had been told but he had to find out that the truth never changes and that he was expressing the same reaction that every inquirer has experienced since first the Divine came into Human life. As a matter of fact he had "become" nothing. He was yet to learn that mere feeling or intellectual enjoyment or even acceptance may be worse than nothing. All he had was a job-lot of unassimilated information; a hodge-podge of fructifying ideas (not ideals —as he thought); a veritable mess of fermenting but utterly unformulated desire. It was about as safe a situation for him, had he but heeded the sign boards, the shouted warnings and the open perils in his path, as if he had filled his pockets with nitro-glycerine and had started for a stroll over Mt. Washington without changing his dancing pumps. But, remember, he "knew" that he was that exceptional boy who may be trusted with grown-up things!

The full and detailed story of the disaster would be too autobiographical and probably not of interest except to the sufferer himself. He emerged ultimately in the state of the Captain's parrot in the old China trade story, which carried the candle into the magazine. Torn, denuded, naked and flayed he too was ready to exclaim as he looked in

the mirror, "Heaven only knows whether I ever was a parrot or not, but I know that I have been a fool."

Here are a few fragments to be picked up from the ruins of the structure the spiritual freshman sought to erect: Sincere seekers, who might have become students, driven off—bored or terrified; two clergymen hurt and offended by a kindly endeavor to explain to them what they really believed; former business associates divided in their opinion as to whether the Inquirer was hypocritical or merely insane, when he talked about the fundamental spiritual basis for all forms of activity, a fact, but one about which he really knew nothing, for he was not even trying to live accordingly; members of his family, whose "conversion" was attempted have since confessed that they had begun to believe in the possibilities of demoniacal possession; and classes and committees the Inquirer sought to help and organize on spiritual lines inevitably waned in attendance and as inevitably died solitary and anæmic deaths. To use a mathematical form of expression—as the self-righteous proselytizing effort, so the failure and repulsion. And, to crown it all, the freshman found that even according to his old and unregenerate standards he himself had gone back while he had been working, as he pretended even to himself, for others. And here came another lesson that the New Testament may be a hand book of practical instruction to a life theosophical, as it so often appears to any student who struggles on the Path, for the parable of the Mote and the Beam proved to be true and "commonsensible."

There must have been some inspiration to common sense in the realization of this, for when it came to the freshman he did what he should long before have done, what he should have done before he tried to guide others. He went to others himself and asked some of the older members for help out of the bog in which he had stranded himself. The experience was like the holding up of the mirror by the Captain to the parrot.

Many pages had Servetus written in comment upon and elucidation of this truly not exaggerated personal experience. He was hoping that he might be able to save some other from the pangs he suffered. But there has come back to him the formal evidence that he heard presented at the Legislative hearings when one of our Northern states passed the first law requiring Guides to the trackless woods to be publicly licensed and only licensed after they had proved their competency. And again he realized that there is nothing spiritual or occult that is not to be parallelled out of our everyday experience if only we will look around us with eyes of sympathy and understanding. And to teach Servetus the possibilities of conciseness he has been given the quotation with which this chapter is headed, "Learn ye to Follow; ere ye seek to Guide." And this is why one very new student of Theosophy has learned to accept that to proselytize is at best not profitable to "either party to the transaction."

SERVETUS.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

Practical Occultism

THE summer should be given to inner activity, to meditation, to spiritual reading and to prayer, just as the winter should be given to consecration by means of outer work. In this, the lower kingdoms of nature reflect the higher reversely,—the spiritual forces indrawing as the material forces expand. And because they indraw, they need to be followed, on the principle that we should always work with the tide of spiritual life and should turn our effort in the direction in which it flows.

The Disciple, the Gael and the others whose conversation usually is recorded in this department of the Quarterly, announce without regret or apology that they have "gone out of the talking business"; they refuse to provide me with summer "copy." In this extremity I, as Recorder, have had the great good fortune to have placed in my hands a record, unique in exoteric literature so far as I am aware, which should be of immense service to those who are interested in discipleship whether theoretically or practically.

Not long ago a woman, a member of the Theosophical Society, died. She had been a member for a great many years, and at one time had been effectively active on behalf of the Society. She had known Mr. Judge and had been helped greatly by him. Not long after his death, her activity ceased. She allowed herself, as she afterwards realized, to be washed onto a sand-bank in the river of life, and to lie there, gasping, for as long a period as she had before given to working for Theosophy. She had been a disciple "on probation." She had done splendid work. She forced herself forward where the fire was hottest: and she failed. But she was brought back to life, and to a more complete discipleship—was "raised from the dead" as she expressed it to me later—through the instrumentality of the individual known to readers of the Quarterly as "Cavé." For this she was boundlessly grateful, and, before her actual death, instructed her heirs to loan me her papers and records, believing that I might be able to extract material which would help others.

Not more than half a dozen members of the Society ever knew her, even by name. She wrote for the magazines, but always under *noms-de-plume*. Her husband was a great traveller and, with him, she roamed the world—Europe and Asia and Africa—many times over.

Among the papers loaned to me are a number of letters to her, written by Cavé, and the record of her daily meditation with comments by Cavé. She showed and explained these to me when I last saw her, so that I am able to some extent to speak of the preliminaries as well as to elucidate the sequence of the letters, whenever that seems necessary.

She was washed off her sand-bank at last. The river of life rose and freed her. The prayers of her friends, she said: although, in a way, she had never ceased her "general aspiration." And at first she resented hotly the way in which she had been freed. In part she was frightened and in part angry—like a man, praying for death, struck dead on the street: aware that he has been killed; frightened by the strangeness of his situation, and angry with the man who had knocked him over. So she tried at first to reject her release. But that folly passed. She came in time to realize that the shame and disgrace which had overtaken her were the greatest negative blessing that had ever come into her life. She had been living in Hell, and she knew it. Even Hell had spewed her out, or so it seemed. What next? She felt, at that time, that she had long ago ruined her life; that it could hold no future. She looked forward to nothing but a dull grind of duty, and then death, and perhaps after that, "another chance." But even in Hell she had clung to some of the Rules which at one time she had accepted in simple and wise literalness. She had continued to meditate. She had sought guidance within the limits of her own self-will. Now she tried to surrender her own will. She sought guidance genuinely. Yet because she had in some respects deliberately made herself deaf, she could not hear except occasionally and along the narrowest of tracks. Finally she decided to seek her fellows, whom she had not seen for so long. She believed in Masters. She had known that they exist. And she found her fellows doing what she knew was Masters' work.

It was then that I met her again. Her shy efforts to pick up the thread where she had dropped it, were altogether pitiable. Her hand had lost its cunning. Her heart had dried and she did not know it. Years later she told me that pride and vanity had held her compressed, as between steel plates. But she began to work. She did what she could. And she gave more time to meditation.

Finally it dawned on her that while she had known the Masters outwardly, as the supreme Workers, and herself as one of their instruments, she had not known them at all in the deeper sense, and that she had never given them her heart. It was example, she said, that taught her this; it was observation of one disciple in particular whose love seemed centered in them. Her desire to help returned with increasing intensity. She was told that she must learn to love if truly she would serve; and she, this woman of forty, set her will grimly to the task of learning how to love!

She had at one time ranked as wiser, or as older in spiritual things, than most of her companions. And her first surrender of vanity, she told me afterwards, was made when she put herself unreservedly into the hands of another, body and soul, with a voluntary promise to do anything that might be required of her if only she might be taught how to love as she believed that other loved. She was in deadly earnest. Hope was coming back to her and made her desperate. Her time was

limited. She had to leave. Having made up her mind to do, to obey; having swallowed her pride at least in one direction; having learned to hold life, when governed by herself, as cheap as dirt—there was nothing, in my opinion, that woman would not have done in a material sense in order to gain her end. She would have jumped off the highest roof. She would have walked to Cape Horn. And she must have intimated as much, half jokingly, in her letter of appeal, judging by the reference to South America in Cavé's reply. Of her own letters she kept no record. So the correspondence, as given here, necessarily is one-sided.

On November 27th, 1903, Cavé wrote to her as follows:

"My dear friend—I want to thank you with sincere gratitude and affection for your most kind letter. I have taken it deeply to heart, and feel the seriousness and responsibility of the trust you place in me. I shall do all in my power to justify it, and aid you in every way I can. . . . I am not going to send you to South America!—not yet, at any rate: but ask of you the far harder task of taking yourself steadfastly in hand, cultivating confidence that you can do it—lean on *my* faith there, when you lose your own—in other words devoting yourself *chiefly* to that branch of the work which has never appealed to you nor awakened your enthusiasm:—your own training. But it will interest you when I assure you that *that* is your path to the Master. There always is one path for each of us, and usually it is the *one way we do not care to go*.

"I do not think you in any sense lethargic, only your great mental activity has dulled and deadened your inner faculties. Here is something for immediate attack.

"Please remember that when you want to talk to me I am here, waiting. I shall speak, of course, when I see need; but usually I shall wait for you. That is my way."

Two days later she received from Cavé "Some Notes and Suggestions."

"If you do not already keep a Diary, please do so, not merely the ordinary kind, but what is called a 'Chêla's Log Book.' Note in it the *inner* events, and, as far as you can perceive them, the *inner meaning* of outer events. This will keep your attention upon that side of your daily happenings and occupations; and putting them down every night before sleeping, will give them sequence, and, in the course of time, coherence and a consecutive meaning. In this you will find the guidance of your life,—not flash-lights out of the darkness now and again, which bewilder as often as they illumine, and which, thus torn from the context as it were, one is more often than not prone to misinterpret; but a steady, even light, which though very small at first, if we follow after with eyes steadfastly fixed upon it, grows brighter and brighter. (This Ledger should be referred to often and re-read at regular intervals.)

"Try therefore to *notice* things. Realize that they are happening

all the time, and try to see them. You have to be steadily on the look-out to do this. You cannot expect much if you only try at intervals during the day, with your mind full of a thousand details of outer work and outer things between. Do not force; do not strain; do not get out of breath; keep down anxiety; leave results alone. Remember, results belong to the Master, and that the disciple must never take what does not belong to him. The disciple has no 'rights' (save to be *tried*)—not even the right to himself.

"By an effort of will you should keep the doubt, distrust, ridicule and cynicism of the mind, down and away. No difference whatever that these are turned against yourself, since you are no different from the rest, and must eliminate that which is due, partly to the sense of separateness in a larger way, and, in a smaller way, to a subtler form of self-love and vanity. These feelings, if not kept at bay, lead always to discouragement and despair. So sharpen the blade of your will upon these inevitable defects, which must, however, be completely eradicated. Make it a *point of honour*. You cannot realize—no one can before a certain stage—how insulting such feelings are towards the Master. How often we place him upon a throne, with purple robe and sceptre and a crown (a crown of thorns alas!), and then bend the knee and mock and buffet him! And his prayer is always the same—Father, forgive them for they know not what they do. This may seem exaggeration, but it is not: it is the same thing on a higher plane.

"Occultly speaking your mind is undisciplined. Your first task therefore is to discipline it, and you will do this by your will. Say to it first—So far and no further! And never let it cross the line.

"If you can arrange it, I should like you to fix an hour when you can meditate with me, daily. Of course, I do not mean that we should *be* together. The morning is a better time, and I can arrange for any hour save . . . Take five minutes, if possible. Insist upon yourself as a disciple, and then turn to the Higher Self by way of the Master. Sometimes I shall try to speak to you at such times, and please keep careful notes of any impressions you have, which I would like to see.

"One personal matter. Be always simple and direct with me. I shall make it a point to accept what you say *just as you say it*—not looking under or behind your words for your meaning. So you must be careful, or you might unintentionally mislead me. You are shy, and so am I. We must both try to get over this with each other. It is foolish and a barrier. Let us be frank and simple and trust each other and ourselves. . . . You know most of these things: have taught them many times. Now you must *do* them."

Mrs. S. (for it will be easier to give her some appellation) took this advice to heart and, so far as she was able, seems promptly to have acted upon it. She told me that she had found the earlier part of the advice almost meaningless, it was so far removed from her practice and experience. She had lived hurriedly and superficially. She had, at all

but her best and highest, been far too "extroverted"—sacrificing everything for what she had imagined to be the needs of the outer work. But she began at once to keep a diary. The day after the receipt of the "Suggestions," I find outer events and conversations entered in considerable detail, with this brief paragraph added: "It has been a confused day interiorly. I have been trying new things and new methods. The result this evening is that I seem, if anything, to have lost ground. Transition, I suppose." Certainly she lost no time in measuring her growth!

On the next day, she divided her diary into "inner" and "outer," devoting all of the "inner," however, to the five minutes of meditation with Cavé! This is her first entry.

"Reading letter from ——. When concluded, and before the clock struck, I suddenly and without premeditation, stood up and raised my fingers to my lips—conscious of some presence. After a moment or two the clock struck, and then I found myself saying in part of my mind, Of course I hear you, dear friend'—with an inner smile. But, as a matter of fact, I did not hear anything in my outer mind. Then I tried to do as advised: to insist upon myself as a disciple (which I did feel), and then to meditate through the Master on the Higher Self. Also, at the same time, to listen. It seemed that you [it should be understood that this record was intended for Cavé, and was afterwards read and returned by Cavé] were saying something about 'help'—urging me, as it were, to get busy in order to help. But I could trace a sort of subconscious question in my own mind, previous to this, asking myself 'What would Cavé be saying anyhow?' Still, I am inclined to think that there was the idea in your mind that I ought to help. I tried to meditate on the Higher Self in my usual formula: as That which we all are—'Where all hearts are One; all being is One; all Consciousness is One; all Love is One.' *Was* helped."

Three days later there is this brief entry.

"The meditation this morning I described to myself afterwards as colourless. And it had very little force. I think this must have been due in part to lack of sleep."

On the same day, under "outer" events, she speaks of going to bed that night at 3.30 A. M., and then adds emphatically: "I am *not* seeing the inner meaning of outer events."

. . . . . .

Cavé, presumably, allowed these entries to pass without comment, for it is not until much later that written comment appears. It should not be inferred from this that the method followed met with approval. The use of the phrase, "usual formula," suggests a habit, and, when attempting to change the whole direction of a life, it is necessary at first to allow much to pass without correction until essentials have been grasped. Furthermore it should clearly be understood that every case

requires individual diagnosis and treatment. Meditation of one kind is needed by one person and would be a hindrance to another. No one should attempt to prescribe for himself. Even a physician goes to another physician when he is sick: and who is not sick in a spiritual sense! Consequently it would be folly for anyone reading these pages to say, "I will do that: that will suit me." It would be just as foolish as it would be to adopt a prescription because it had cured a friend of gout—the only similarity between our case and his being, perhaps, a pain in the same general region. Our gouty friend doubtless was treated from day to day, or from week to week, according to his changing condition and need: which is something that must be taken into account, as well as the probability of essential difference between his malady and our own.

The problem in any case is the recovery or the conquest of spiritual life and health, which includes the discovery and recognition of that Master on whose "Ray" the neophyte stands. That Master is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. It is He alone who can lead us to our "second birth"—and, in the occult sense, no one is alive until thus born. Therefore that Master must be sought. Therefore, again,—"Silence thy thoughts and fix thy whole attention on thy Master whom yet thou dost not see, but whom (at one stage) thou feelest."

. . . . . .

Returning now to the record of Mrs. S., who was by no means a beginner, but who had been following wrong methods, I find this entry on December 8th, some ten days after her beginning with Cavé.

"Sat down to meditate with a mind that felt dead and without sufficient energy to concentrate. Then, without effort [the deadness of mind had helped—not hindered], in two or three seconds, the current seemed to change, and it became almost easy. It came into my mind that: 'The chêla thinks *only* of the Master'—perhaps in general comment on my mind of yesterday and this morning. So I tried to apply it *now* [She was in any case learning one lesson]. Not much success. But then came the rest of the sentence, as it were—after a considerable pause, during which I tried to think only of the Master—: 'and of what the Master tells him to think about.' So I tried then to pass to the Higher Self: from the Master to within the Master, rather in the sense of 'the Great One, in whom we live and move and have our being,' and in whom all consciousness is one. The best meditation as such for some time at this hour" [She was meditating at several other hours of the day, and for longer periods than this special five minutes].

Next day there was this entry.

"This was a complete failure. I was tired and dead and my mind would not stay still. There was no impression, and the only comment I could make on it to myself afterwards was that it was an insult."

There are many entries which throw side-lights on her character.

Thus: "I read the second volume of Mr. Judge's *Letters,* and am more impressed than ever with his *energy.*" Then, on December 12th: "Not a good day, but I suppose a shade above the average. And this is not saying much. There is lack of clear recollection, and of moving and doing as in the Lodge, which I am trying to do at present." On the 19th: "Last thing at night: must be prepared to keep this up for ever; and if present strain too violent, modify it, or even it in such a way as to make it attainable permanently. What is a chêla's attitude and effort? *You* cannot win. Leave it to Him."

A few days later there is this record of the special five minutes:

"The strongest sense of Cavé's presence I have ever had—with a sense, as it were, of entreaty—possibly to listen and hear after so many efforts. And I did *try.* Yet all I could get in my mind was the thought —the words—'Turn your heart.' The presence was very strong and clear, and held me for several minutes beyond the ten [this looks as if the original five had been extended] with a great longing to get away, to get through, forcing a prayer to the Master to take whatever of me can be taken."

The next entry of interest is that while dressing for dinner she had the idea very vividly—"Do not look up; look down." On the following day, this: "All day on the verge of tears! with constant effort to keep them back. Looking for results and sense of failure! . . . Don't look for results! Be all that you can be and let the rest go."

Meditating with Cavé—by this time they were on different continents, Mrs. S. being in Japan—she had, on Christmas Day, the feeling of great help "and was deeply grateful." "'Take yet more courage,' was the thought I got out of it,—after the foolish hope that Cavé would not lose patience with my stupidity. 'Within you is the Light of the World. It is still. Feel it. *That* is the Master.' This came to me at a later meditation, but I think as a deposit from the meditation with you."

Perhaps this is the best point at which to include the next letter from Cavé, because it was sent in reply to one written on Christmas Day:

"My very dear friend,

". . . But above all I must thank you for your Christmas letter, which meant a great deal to me. Your personal expressions of trust and affection are dear to my heart—the love of my friends and fellow-workers is something I am very dependent upon. But above all I see you turning with strong faith and effort to the Master: turning, so that I do not believe you could ever again under any delusion whatever, turn away. O do not be discouraged! We must all feel our failings and inadequacies, but what do they matter. Press on! After all, that is the Master's concern, not ours. If we were worthy of his choice, then he knows that we have within us the possibilities of what he desires. And he loves us! Surely we can never disappoint that marvellous love.

And we can cling to that and forget about results. After what we know of the difference in his outlook and ours, we must realize that his results are far other than ours, even ours at their best; and that our safety—for ourselves and for his work—lies in leaving them absolutely alone.

"Can you doubt that I, who require so much patience, would not find it for you? What would keep me humble, were there nothing else to do so, is that I can see so clearly how much more is shown me than I have ever need to show."

That letter, Mrs. S. told me, nearly broke her heart. She felt so utterly unworthy of it. And as I hold it, writing, its envelope is soiled with wear and with handling. She must have carried it with her for many months.

. . . . . .

In her record of the special meditations, I find the first of the comments by Cavé on an entry dated January 6th. Mrs. S. had written: "I described this to myself as a meditation of love and of worship. It was deep and real . . ." Cavé notes: "These 'meditations of love and worship' are the best of all."

At the end of an entry a few days later, Mrs. S. wrote: "But I should write these records at the time." Cavé underscores "at the time," and adds: "This is important where possible. When notes are made later they may, unconsciously to ourselves, be elaborated or obscured by mental images that grow up about them. The first clear-cut impression —if only of success or failure—inspiration or flatness—is important. This does not preclude adding later, what may come through later, in a supplementary note."

On January 10th there is this:

"Better than yesterday, but still not best. It improved with every minute, until quarter past, when I stopped. A strong sense of co-operation. It seemed that Cavé said something—the first words of which, although this is only three minutes later, I have already lost—No: this is what it seemed, 'All is well. I trust you to——.' The balance I missed, but it may have been 'to make good.' "

On this Cavé comments: "The idea intended was 'forge ahead.' "

There are entries of complete failure, or of what evidently seemed like it. Then, on the 16th, this: "In a 'rickshaw. After a minute or two, I decided that to try to hear, or to listen, is perhaps the wrong method; and that I would just *do* it, and talk with Cavé anyway. So I told Cavé . . . Then Cavé replied that the Master has been immensely and wonderfully kind, and . . . Then I continued the meditation in a more abstract sense, feeling a great love for the Master, and with more and more encouragement to assume, without question, the full responsibilities and privileges of chêlaship. There must be more self-confidence."

Cavé comments: "This was well done. Many years ago, —— taught me (inside) to go to him and talk to him just as if he were stand-

ing right there before me. It was an old habit of childhood, which, in my years of green fruitage, I considered foolish and looked back upon with indulgent amusement. —— showed me that the child's instinct and method was the true one. It took a little time, and both my faith and patience were tested: but I know from experience that it is an unfailing method."

More "wretched failures," one of them "due perhaps to a slight earthquake which upset me." Then, on January 20th, this:

" 'Be patient and persevere,' again was impressed on my mind. The idea occurred to me to assert mentally and to feel myself as being the highest qualities, such as they exist in the Master. Thus, I am that love which is His—and to feel the utmost that one can of His love as being one's own and one's Higher Self.—I think the effect is good."

In a footnote Cavé writes: "This is a good exercise: for remember the Manas of the Master and chêla is one—that is to say, all the Manas of the chêla is the Master's, and the chêla has as much of the Master's as he can reach and assimilate. So of his other qualities, since the chêla lives in the Master's aura."

Next comes this: "I tried hard to hear Cavé's voice. . . . Cannot understand why I can hear nothing audibly. No result in this case either, but after I had been trying for a few minutes to listen, it did seem as if Cavé were saying, several times in succession—'Turn your heart, turn your heart!' Mentally I asked—'Is that you?'—and then 'Yes, it is I,' and the same words again."

The comment by Cavé is: "Audible hearing is not necessary: in your case might easily be a barrier. Let that go. Do not worry about it. Get the *impression* as vividly as you can."

On January 24th: "This was a *good* meditation. It seemed that someone said: 'There is a Path. It is a Path of great endeavour. You may follow it.' I noted that it was not 'can' or 'should,' but 'may.' This was not in answer to any known or recognized mental question of mine. It did not come with the clear-cut precision or 'shock' of a 'message.' It might easily have been an inner process of my own. So with all of these impressions. Yet when I asked Cavé if present, a very strong impression of 'Yes.' "

The comment reads: "Have more faith in your impressions. Better to go it blind and be deceived, than to chill everything with doubt. Purification casts out doubt: it really has nothing to do with others or with circumstances."

The next entry by Mrs. S. is: "Tried to carry out the idea of interior silence: with what result I hardly know. But it seemed to cut me off from all possibility of 'hearing' any distinct thing, though, when I had practically finished, the sentence came into my mind—'The love of the Master is the joy of the world'—which, so far as I can see, means nothing, and was not even the result of a mental process!"

On this Cavé wrote: "Sometimes our minds extinguish spiritual

ideas as a burning torch is extinguished by plunging it in water—this when psychic (astral *or* emotional) influences dominate the mind. Or again, in the aridity of over-activity in outer events (lack of Detachment), the Divine Spark goes out as a hot coal is smothered by ashes. . . . There is much meaning in your message of today. For if joy be the very heart and essence of life, as the Master has told us, then his love is the road to it in being one with it. Thus he becomes truly our Mediator: Love, the essence of Life as of the Master, being the Way, the Truth, and the Life—universal and individual."

An entry on the 29th evoked a particularly valuable comment. Mrs. S. had written as follows: "This was a good meditation as such. Then there came into my mind the words, 'Be kind and gentle'; later 'Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say rejoice'; then *'Turn* your heart.' But these all seemed like mental echoes, and I asked (not hearing any voice) —is that your voice Cavé? To which came the answer—'Yes, this is my voice.' So I asked—'How can I tell it from the voice of my own mind?' to which the answer was—'It is more gentle!' But I did not feel the least sense of conviction with any of this, and note it only because Cavé said—'Note all impressions carefully.' In a sense the meditation took me *above* the mind, but then, looking *down,* I saw merely these mental processes."

Cavé commented (and it will be understood that Mrs. S. did not receive these comments until many weeks had passed): "The trouble here was that you did not *look* down: you *sank* down, and saw, not from above, onto it, but *with* it. When you are really above it, you can always distinguish your own mental voice, because it will come up to you from below. A fellow disciple will speak on a level, as it were; and the Master or a Master, from above. When you grow into close communion with the Master (your own Master), you can always distinguish his voice from that of any other Master because it will speak in your heart."

Next day, "there was no definite impression." But on the 31st there was this: "I am grateful for this meditation. Whether by induction from Cavé, or by more direct means, I do not know. But I certainly could feel, and feel strongly, Cavé's unbounded love for Master, and I think it was this that liberated in me—I will not say the same feeling, but in any case a real and deep feeling of the same nature. Then, very dimly, I seemed to see His brow, crowned with a band of gold; and the thought flashed into my mind that it is our love that crowns him: that it is the only crown he wears or can ever wear—the golden love of His chêlas. Then I asked Cavé if 'to love Him' was all that she had wanted to say to me, and Cavé's reply seemed to be, 'It is all I can ever have to say.' I am very, very grateful."

Then this brief comment: "Bless you dear friend for this!"

. . . . . .

She had made a real beginning. For the rest, lack of space compels

postponement until the next issue of the QUARTERLY. In case, however, the reader has become interested in the human side of the record—in the efforts of my friend, of the woman as such—it would be natural to wish to know the outcome. Briefly, then, she did find her Master. Her experience in some respects was extraordinary. One of the last entries she made, several years after those given above, is of an inner conversation with her Master, which she recorded from memory as follows:

"Do better. You can. You shall. I require it of you. You owe it to me, to ——. Take heart—yes, and take heart in hand. Hold it. Control it. Use it. Spiritual will—my will—must govern. It is above the heart, as heart is above mind.—Now sleep, giving your life to me: your will, consciousness, feeling. Sleep, and through that door come to me with ——. Hold that need in mind. Rise tomorrow to read this first, and look for the memory before you read another thing.—My child, rejoice that you learn. Slowly it is true: but you learn. It is not my fault that you are slow. I would give so much to increase your speed! But take heart, energy, hope. I love you. Now go. My peace I give unto you always."

Next morning there is rather a long entry, the essence of which is contained in this sentence: "You must *give* yourself; and how can this be done except by eliminating self from all your motives!"

But the story of her progress to that point, with the letters and comments by Cavé to which she owed, as she said, her "life," must be told "in our next." T.

ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

Dreams

WE sometimes hear the present time spoken of as a Scientific age, and we are told that with the exception of the more ignorant of our people we have outgrown all the ancient superstitions. This is evidently a mistaken idea, for there is still much extravagant zeal manifested in the pursuit of every seeming novelty of the occult. It is not only the poor and ignorant who run after these things, but the rich, the select and exclusive people who seek out and patronize them. Even those whose minds have been carefully disciplined find it hard to resist this tendency to be superstitious. In spite of all our scientific education there is still a considerable amount of popular belief in the presence and power of agents that are invisible and intangible. Multitudes still believe in ghosts, wraiths, haunted houses, second sight, prophetic dreams, presentiments and other aspects of prevision. The glory of dreamland has not yet departed, but it has passed from the throne to the footstool, from the palace to the cottage. Monarchs used to consult the dream interpreter, rather than his minister, or the general of his army. Armies were marched and halted, decrees issued or suspended, according to the indications of these nocturnal revelations. The King's sleep, and therefore his digestion, was a state affair of great importance, for upon this often depended the coming in or going out of Grand Viziers, and the appointment or recall of the mighty Satraps of ancient Oriental monarchies. We have an example of this in the experience of the Babylonian Nebuchadnezzar, and when there was not a Daniel to come to judgment a great deal of uncertainty resulted to all the parties most nearly concerned. The influence of the Royal bedchamber must have proved a constant source of vexation and anxiety. It is obvious that there must have been some foundation for a belief that through thousands of years found comfortable berths for so many magian interpreters, and by which so many statesmen and great commanders were forced to retreat. These Kings were no more fools than our modern rulers are, and they would no more allow their public and private affairs to be regulated by cunning priests and imposters than kings and kaisers would today. The fact underlying this belief was that experience had taught them that the dreams of a lucide or a natural seer, were often

prophetic or retrospective, and afforded revelations of distant or secret circumstances. It is the rarity, and not the impossibility, of such phenomena that renders the attention to ordinary dreaming as a guide in the affairs of life such an absurdity.

In our own time we witness the occasional development of this power, and there are many well-authenticated cases of these *"remarkable dreams,"* that is, dreams that later were found to be true. Not only do we find these direct revelations in dreams that need no interpreter, but also another class of dreams that required an expert to unravel their mysteries. These dreams were symbolical, and physical objects were supposed to represent complex ideas. Trees, mountains, stars, etc., stood for empires, principalities, powers, and systems, and a certain class devoted themselves to the translation of these hieroglyphics into the common tongue.

Men's belief in dream lore commenced with the direct dream revelations that rested on the sure and simple basis of reality, but that belief perished under the mystic pretensions and high-sounding fallacies of these professional dream interpreters. Of the essential difference between lucid dreams and the chaotic dreams of ordinary sleep, the wisest of the ancients were fully aware and typefied them under the figure of the ivory and the horny gate, those coming through the ivory being reliable and those through the horny deceptive.

In addition to these dreams that are of a prophetic character, there are others that are retrospective and in which a clairvoyant power seems to be developed. An instance of this was related in a north of England newspaper a great many years ago. A young woman named Maria Martin left her mother's cottage one evening stating that she would take a short walk, but she never returned. All search and inquiry proved ineffectual. After the lapse of two or three weeks the mother dreamed that her daughter had been murdered and her body buried under the floor of a building known as the red barn. This dream was repeated and made a deep impression on the old woman's mind. She told her poor neighbors and then got the clergyman of the parish interested and through him some other influential people. These people rather to satisfy the bereaved mother than for any faith in the undertaking had the barn searched, and a few feet below the surface found the remains of the unfortunate girl. Evidence was later gathered from other sources which led to the conviction of a farmer's son, named Condor, as the murderer and he made a full confession of the crime. What is the real explanation of this seeming wonder that had been dismissed by the learned men of the neighborhood as a remarkable *coincidence?* This mother living in the comparative solitude of a rural district was a woman of few ideas. This disappearance of her daughter occupied her whole being so that she thought about little else day after day. This onepointedness, combined with grief as an absorbing passion, by a well understood law, produced

lucidity. Everything that we do, say, or think is pictured in the astral light, and the more intensely we think the more vivid the picture becomes. The agitating thought and accusing conscience of this murderer would be often turned to this cottage and to the girl he had lured to her death, thus vivifying the picture, and this mother in a lucid dream, came into contact with this evidence of the young man's villainy. Besides these revelations of actual fact, there are some dreams that may be called sympathetic, that is, two persons at the same time experience the same dream, or perform their respective parts in the one scene. Cases of this kind have occurred where letters detailing the impressive experiences of each person have been received by each at the same time to the great astonishment of all the parties concerned. Dr. Abercrombie in his work on *The Intellectual Powers,* gives a case of this kind. This book was written more than fifty years ago, but it is still worth reading.

To savages sleep is a great mystery and they have a superstitious regard for dreams, believing them to be revelations from God. Dan Crawford in his *Thinking Black,* recently published, gives some interesting examples of this. It used to be believed that to sleep in certain places would bring good and prophetic dreams. The Temple of Asklepios, the Temple of Serapis, or the grotto of Trophonius were such places. Sometimes experimenters would fast or take certain drugs prescribed by priests in order to produce the dream required. According to the Old Testament there existed among the Jews a good deal of superstition in regard to dreams and the general teaching of the Bible seems to be that dreams in some cases may be genuine revelations, but there are false dreams and lying dreamers against which precautions are necessary. Jeremiah stoutly denies that habitual dreaming is a sign of Divine inspiration. There is a very striking passage in the book of Job on the use and purpose of dreams. In *Job* 33:14-18 Elihu speaks of the dream as a warning, a purpose it may sometimes serve today. "For God speaketh once, yea twice, though man regardeth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men in slumberings upon the bed; Then he openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction, That he may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man: He keepeth back his soul from the pit and his life from perishing by the sword."

Our tendencies and our purposes which the business and other good influences of the day have kept down, act themselves out in our dreams and we see the character as it would be unmodified by the restraints and considerations of our conscious hours. Our vanity, our pride, our malice, our impurity, and every evil passion has full play, and shows us its finished result, and in so vivid and true, though caricatured a form, that we are startled and withdraw from our purpose. The evil thought we have allowed to creep into our heart seems in our dreams to become a deed, and we wake in horror, but are thankful that we can yet refrain.

A woman in deep poverty began to find her child a great burden and a hindrance to earning her living, dreamt she had drowned it, and woke in horror at the fancied sound of the plunge. She woke to clasp her little one to her bosom with a thrill of gratified affection that never again gave way.

The Theosophical theory is that dreaming is a state of consciousness. Scientific writers tell us that dreams arise through reflex impulses transmitted to the brain, and are caused by indigestion, uneasy postures, and a multitude of other similar stimuli. They may also arise out of a sort of mechanical action of the brain which, temporarily aroused into activity in some portion of its mass, converts the slight stimuli into a kind of text upon which it builds a whole panorama of after pictures. This may be all true, but the question comes back to us, what is it that dreams? However absurd, illogical, or even vicious the dream may be, there must be an entity who dreams the dream. Every picture seen in a dream is the creation of some entity who is pleased or horrified by the scenes and events it creates. Animals dream, and occultists are agreed that there is a synthesizing center of consciousness in animals, that is, an animal elemental ruling the organism, and that it is the dreamer. So far as the physical organism is concerned, man is an animal with an entity controlling, but to this is added a reasoning Soul—Manas. During sleep this Higher Ego almost wholly withdraws its influence, leaving this kamic elemental to think and imagine after its own senseless manner. Having no reasoning power and not being guided and warned by the voice of conscience (the Higher Self) it will commit the most silly as well as the most heinous acts without remorse or recognition of their ethical bearing. Just in proportion as the dream is reasonable, the influence of the ray of Manas is apparent. So then as our ordinary dreams are the imagination and thought-creations of a senseless entity with whom we are karmically bound by incarnating in these human-animal bodies, we may by closely observing our dreams find the key to our average mental life. The general tone of our everyday thoughts reappears even in the most senseless dreams, and while we are not responsible for the lack of sequence and the reasonless vagaries of the dreaming entity, yet we are responsible for the substance and general tenor of what is dreamed. "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer" (*I. John 3:15*). The murderous thought arising in the mind may have been immediately cast out by conscience and reason, but the lower conscienceless animal remembered it and acted it out when opportunity offered in sleep. When we have thoroughly conquered this lower self and prevent such thoughts from arising in the mind, such dreams will entirely cease. All dreams are the effect of reflected thought, a power borrowed by this elemental from Lower Manas, or brain mind, so that as we change our life we change our dreams. All dreams are the result of stimuli coming from some source, and it is well to remember that stimuli from the higher nature

may reach the dream consciousness as well as those from the lower. This is the explanation of the higher intellectual dreams like those of Condorcet who solved a mathematical problem in a dream that had baffled his waking consciousness, and of Coleridge who dreamt the poem of "Kubla Khan." The divine inner Ego may try to express some high thought, or some coming event upon the lower brain mind, but it may not be clearly received; so that when we awake we may not be able to make anything of the dream, but we can by persistent practice train ourselves to receive this wisdom from above. It is not the foolish waste of time that some would have us believe it is to pay some attention to our dream consciousness. We have conquered self-consciousness on this objective plane and it is not too much to hope that we may in time conquer it on the higher planes. Do you ever dream that you are dreaming? Do you recognize the pictures before you as unreal? To recognize the illusion is the first step towards overcoming it. It is something to know that we may cultivate the power to control our dreams, and that by a faithful cultivation of our highest spiritual faculties we may sometime be able to hear the voice of God in this natural way and so, "In My Dreams I'd Be Nearer My God to Thee."

Blessed is the man who has so controlled his lower nature as to be able to control his dreams and to bring back to his waking consciousness each morning some of the precious experiences of the soul on the inner planes.

JOHN SCHOFIELD.

REVIEWS

The Autobiography and Life of George Tyrrell, by M. D. Petre (London, Edward Arnold, 1912), is in two volumes and is the record both of Father Tyrrell and of his biographer. Though full of interest and alive with the personality of its subject, it yet leaves something to be desired as a biography. If Miss Petre brought to her work great personal devotion she failed to bring sufficient synthetic power, system, method. Events are left to be inferred, themes are interrupted without adequate reason to make way for other themes, extracts from the same letter are quoted in several different parts of the book without consideration for chronological or other sequence.

In her analysis and description of the man, Miss Petre shows a laudable desire to let herself be guided by strict justice rather than by her strong personal friendship. But over zeal for justice gives sometimes the impression that she is unjust. The frequent mention of such faults as irritability leave an impression which is difficult to reconcile with the charm which Father Tyrrell is said to have possessed in such great measure.

Father Tyrrell's own account of his childhood and youth gives the impression of being incompatible with the history of his later development. His father, to be sure, was a journalist of some standing. His mother was brave, unselfish and truly religious. But the boy, according to his own record, was indolent, dull, selfish and negatively sceptical.

Nor was his transference from Anglicanism to the church of Rome characterized by a deep spiritual awakening. Apparently he was led to Rome by minor, trivial causes. Yet one cannot be sure that underneath these trivial causes there was not a strong if immature spiritual pressure. One thing, however, is clear: in entering the service of the church of Rome his desire was rather to serve humanity than to gain peace for himself.

He at once joined the Jesuit Order. During the first years of his membership he submitted quietly to its discipline and carried out faithfully his pastoral and pedagogical duties. At the same time he was an indefatigable student of the church and of the Order to which he belonged.

These studies led to the final rupture. He became convinced that the Church of Rome had departed from the true ideal of catholicism and that the Jesuit Order no longer expressed the spirit and purpose of its founder. With both organizations in their pure form he declared himself to be in entire accord; with neither in the reactionary policy to which it was then committed. It was this reactionary policy which prevented them from sensing the difficulties and meeting the needs of the age.

Many perplexed catholics turned to him for help. His private religious correspondence became enormous. Those who blame Father Tyrrell for the rupture with the Roman Church and find his writings destructive of simple faith, should remember that the desire to find some foothold for those whose faith had already been disturbed was, to a great extent, his inspiration in the study of the religious prob-

lem. Toward these he felt a keen sense of responsibility. For their sakes he persisted in his search of spiritual light. For them he wrote.

The light he found in and through the church of which he was a member: a divine treasure hid in an earthly vessel. "The Catholic Church may not have known how to set forth her treasures, but she has at least kept them all, and not cast out essentials in her endeavor to suit each age; she has kept the ore, but she has not thrown away the gold, as some purer, but more limited institutions have done. Above all has she maintained, in spite of worldliness, that transcendentalism of outlook which is of the essence of religion, if religion be more than a mere department of social life." This is the heart of his message and is developed in his posthumous work *Christianity at the Cross Roads.* Tyrrell "clearly and positively faced the problem of Christ and His message," and he found the solution in the super-normal character of both. Of Christ he writes: "Eternal life, which was the substance of His Gospel, was *not* the moral life but the super-moral. Morality was but its condition—like the faith which shall be done away. He was not primarily but only incidentally an ethical teacher—of an ethic he found ready to hand, but did not originate. . . . Liberal Protestantism is the development of the ethic He adopted and exemplified in common with the prophets and saints of all times; but not of His Gospel, His Message. Of that Catholicism is the development."

Roughly speaking the mission of Tyrrell was to help to restore to the church the sense of the transcendant element in her religion cleared from the incrustations of superstition and reconciled with the discoveries of modern science. If his message was incomplete, his mission unfinished, so much the greater is his power to stimuate others to complete his work. In reading the record of the struggles and sufferings of this devoted soul, one cannot help regretting that the esoteric wisdom of the East was only superficially known to him. For to the East we look for the light that will make such a task as his possible. L. E. P.

A fascinating biography, yet how disappointing! It comes shattering an idol. I have known Father Tyrrell only by hearsay. I have heard him talked over by newspaper readers and quoted in the speeches of college presidents. And I have listened to discontented ritualists longing for the time when Tyrrell should have purged the Roman Church, making it into a fold. I thought he must be a truly spiritual leader—a great prophet risen in the Roman Catholic Church, aware of the golden store that the centuries have accumulated there, and eager to make that true coin current; and I have revered him. Now with his own hand he overturns my hero. His Autobiography and the Life written by his closest friend show a man of fine intellect, but reveal moral lapses that chilled the ardor of his staunchest friends.

His conversion was an amazing affair—because it was a conversion from nothing to nothing. It occurred when he was a boy of nineteen. His childhood has none of Newman's occupation with crosses and crucifixes. He was merely indifferent. His mother sang hymns, and he was told stories of God and Heaven. He conceived of Heaven as a buxom dame with capacious arms. But he had not even the superficial interest in religion that marks some children. A scholarly older brother, a hunchback with embittered disposition, became agnostic after some dabbling in college courses in philosophy. George Tyrrell, a youthful dunce, in a spirit of emulation, looked into some of the books that his intellectual brother read with ease. He reacted against that brother's agnosticism in this strange way. He seemed to feel extraordinary strength in the agnostic position—that it is impregnable to every opposed system except to one that should be endowed with infallibility. He found a system—the only one in the world—that declares it is

infallible—the Roman Catholic. Therefore George Tyrrell betook himself to that system as a defence against atheism. Of religious experience, of spiritual aspiration, of "sin" and "faith" and "saving grace" there is no evidence and no record. There is a second motive apparent, besides his aversion from atheism; it is the desire of the "natural" man to act for himself, to go his own way unadvised, to differ conspicuously from those with whom his lot is cast.

It is altogether misleading to call by the name of "conversion" Tyrrell's change from the Anglican to the Roman Communion, for "conversion" is a word of deep significance. One may say that Tyrrell's reason for the change is as good as Newman's—is, in fact, the same as Newman's. True. But Newman made the change in maturity, as a man of forty; he had taken into himself some of those "last enchantments of the Middle Ages" that haunt the Oxford towers. He threw himself heartily into the cause he had accepted. A glamour of romance and charm protects him. Tyrrell accepted first the shelter of the Roman wall, and afterwards Jesuitism, as a bulwark of that wall. He embraced both as a boy. Then very slowly his intellectual powers developed, and he saw the chasm yawning between his "infallible system" and the Roman Catholic Church as it has always actually been (witness Dante, St. Francis, *et alteri*). Had there been great spiritual powers dormant in the boy, these might have been awakened and brought to vigorous activity as he faced the problem of the ideal and the actual Church—their divergence and their possible reconciliation. The calendar might have contained another Saint, the compeer of Francis and Catherine and Theresa. Unfortunately the germ of spirituality was too deeply planted to be brought to the surface by the heat and tears of opposition and disappointment. There was no spiritual development *pari passu* with the intellectual. Instead of a Saint we have only a destructive censor. He erects, indeed, certain intellectual scaffolding to aid in the structure of a new building. But he neglects the true building, the house not made with hands, the eternal structure of his own character.

His life is a stupid tragedy. So simple a thing as obedience could have saved him and ennobled his life. As we read it in these two volumes it seems ignoble and mean. Opportunity after opportunity was offered him of sanctification. He neglected them all. Plain obedience to his Jesuit vows, however mistakenly he may have taken them, would have brought him triumph—the triumph of his Higher Self. But with pretext after pretext he refuses his manifest duty. At last he reaches the disgraceful conduct of sending his Superior a letter numbered 67, in order to threaten that Superior with the fear of the sixty-six other persons who had read the letter previously. And he writes in a secular journal a condemnation of the pastoral letter issued by the General-in-chief of the whole Church. Prejudices blind us to righteousness and unrighteousness. The arrogant and persecuting spirit of the Vatican seems to some to justify all means used against it. But very few, I think, will wish to defend the bad taste of Father Tyrrell's conduct in these matters.

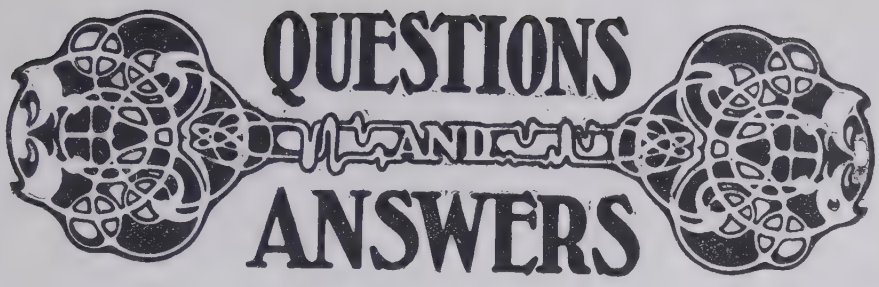
The publication of these volumes weakens Tyrrell's cause. His cause was the reforming of the Church (though he himself thought revolution was necessary, not reform). The Church has not been kept alive by hostility and destructive criticism. It has been kept going by the prayers of its saints and mystics who outwardly had many painful struggles. But in crises, they submitted to outward authority, and by thus stooping, have, in the end, conquered, permeating the mass by the leaven of their lives. The Blessed Marguerite Marie is an example of the conduct I mean. In her conversations with her Master, Christ, she was given certain instructions, which, when she endeavored to carry out, brought her into conflict with her duty to her Mother Superior. She referred the difficulty to her secret friend. Could she risk disobedience to Him, her Lord, for the sake of mere earthly obedience to a fellow mortal. "By all means," was her Master's reply.

That outward obedience was her first duty. She could not serve Him by breaking her vow. Is not that a plain statement about simple duty and the higher duty of which we hear so much? Higher duty, duty to humanity, is often a delusion that masks self-indulgence. The result of such submission as Marguerite Marie's, has made it easier for the external Church to absorb the doctrines of the saints. The exemplary life makes the doctrine convincing. What Tyrrell saw of the faults of the Roman Church is true. Reformation is needed. But his life stands between the reforms he longed for and their acceptance. His disobedience will cause a longer period to drag on before the Church is willing to reform itself as he suggested.

Thus "Modernism" proves disappointing. Instead of moral and spiritual reform, exemplified in the lives of its advocates, it appears an intellectual and revolutionary effort to reform everything and everybody but oneself. This characteristic accounts for the wide sympathy "Modernism" has excited among nominally religious people. For the religion of churches and seminaries in large measure to-day ignores or disbelieves in the soul, and is directed solely to humanitarian effort and social reform. S. M.

Meditations, by Hermann Rudolph, published in English at Leipzig. This book, described by the author as "A Theosophical Book of Devotion," is a striking example of what Theosophy is *not.* With pathetic and sometimes with exasperating unconsciousness, it violates every theosophic principle; it stultifies, while perpetually quoting, everything that Madame Blavatsky wrote or said; it adopts an attitude and method the exact opposite of those for which the Society exists, and rivals both the Vatican and the late Mrs. Eddy in self-satisfied, blighting exclusiveness. Worse than this, there are Hatha Yoga practices recommended, which at best would provoke psychic intoxication, and which might lead easily to insanity.

E. T. H.



QUESTION 154.—*What is this so-called conversion by which everyday people appear to reach a place of peace? Is it a delusion? What does happen to them?*

ANSWER.—"Conversion" represents derivatives of the Greek *strepho* or *epistrepho,* meaning a "turning," a change of direction in life and will; closely connected with "repentance," the Greek *meta noia,* meaning "a change of the understanding," a change of heart.

That the process is real and universal may be inferred from the fact that it is recognized by authorities as diverse as the *Katha Upanishad:* ("A wise man looked toward the Self with reverted sight, seeking deathlessness"); Schopenhauer, who calls it the "reversal of the will-toward-life," a turning back to the universal will; and Bergson, whose view will be set forth in a later number of the QUARTERLY.

What happens, seems to be that the spiritual consciousness, or the consciousness of the spiritual, breaks through, with the aid of spiritual powers. C. J.

ANSWER.—Two small country boys are fighting—hotly; desperately; in seeming futility. One cries "Nuff," and there is a surcease of fighting; followed by rest, and often a peace that is not merely momentary. Is not this like "conversion," and ought we not to recall that as either small boy may win the fight, so may either side of our nature—that we can be converted to evil as well as to good—only, as I believe, we have Helpers in the endeavor to overcome evil. From whichever way you look at it, "conversion" might seem to be a momentary consciousness of a victory, by the Allies, over Sin or a consciousness of real self surrender; of the lower self having cried "Nuff" in the eternal warfare for growth."

G. V. S. M.

ANSWER.—It is only, I think, by a real conversion that one enters the path that leads to peace. Such a conversion as the Master declared with emphasis to be the first requisite for salvation can be no delusion, for it is not primarily nor necessarily the excitation or exaltation of the emotions, which are more or less deceptive, but a new direction of the *will.* Whatever may have been the incentive to produce that radical "turning about" of the will of a man, thenceforth his life becomes a constant grim struggle to hold the vision and to live by it. Perfect peace is the reward of such a victory. S. W. A.

ANSWER.—There are three distinct questions here. To take the first one: to me, a conversion is simply changing one's point of view. For years one's habit has been to think things over, to weigh this or that in one's mind and then to act; while with the new point of view one learns slowly to still one's mind, to pray to the Master for guidance and help, and then to listen in one's heart for his voice. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." Far from being a delusion it is all so satisfying that one marvels at one's past blindness, at one's long refusal to accept that

which the Master had stood close by, offering hourly. What happens to those who are converted? Surely the answer would be different in the case of each soul born again, but sunshine comes and rough places are made easier to cross, not necessarily by removing the obstructions, by no means, for so we grow, but by giving one the help, moment by moment, to take the next step. One comes to understand that the hours belong to the Master, that he stands by watching and helping and he will not over-tax our strength. A. W. B.

ANSWER.—Conversion is a change of heart or mind or attention, however one prefers styling it. The consciousness is turned away from the personality, its desires, cravings, dissatisfactions, to something higher. This higher thing can be differently named—the Higher Self, Christ, the Master. Conversion is a thing of experience, a fact, as real as anything in the world. To find out what happens to people, listen to the "testimonies" of crude, uncultivated minds; and read the biographies of men like St. Paul, George Fox, Jonathan Edwards, Wesley, St. Francis, etc. From the various narrations of one and the same spiritual experience, any reader will be able to abstract the general and essential laws of conversion.

A. W.

QUESTION 155.—*What is the meaning of the big nameless longing that I feel—the desire for some unknown good? Surely I am not alone in this dumb desire for light; the literature, the art, and the music of the day give voice to a surging demand. Where is the answer? The church does not possess it. Science gives some hints, but only faint ones. If there is an answer to the longing where can I find it?*

ANSWER.—May it not be your longing for the Soul, which to most, alas, is an "unknown" good? Doubtless you are not alone in your longing, for it is the driving power of all life, though too often misunderstood and turned to baser ends. Say rather that you have not found it in the church. True science, which is divine science, possesses it fully. You can find the answer to your longing in one way only: by finding the Soul. C. J.

ANSWER.—The big nameless longing you feel is for Infinity—nothing less. You will try to satisfy your hunger with many things. Only when you are desperate—starving, will you take the thing which is even now at your hand. Then you will find that Infinity is not a vague intangible thing, you will touch a manifestation of it—the *logos* made flesh—the hand of the Master. A. W.

ANSWER.—The Church does possess the answer. We are learning slowly that in the Church is the help and light we need. Hidden, yes, by much misconception but remember that Christ was born into the world to bring light. That he died and rose again to bring light, and that to-day as ever he stands ready to aid us if we really turn to him. By no means are you alone in this "dumb desire for light." The longing you feel is the call of your higher self, but you must learn to listen to its voice. How to begin to listen? Here and now. Do the work of this moment whatever it is, pleasant, or unpleasant, to the very best of your ability and gradually clearer understanding will come; very slowly, yes, but very surely.

A. W. B.

ANSWER.—The phrase, "the Church does not possess it" makes one wonder just how anxious the querist is for light. If he were to follow the rule that seems to run through all the Scriptures, Eastern and Western, and all advice to aspirants, and transmute his "big nameless longing" into action and effort, it would seem that

he would find an answer in the *Book of Common Prayer* as well as in the Scriptures, and probably would find, as the writer has found, that the Church does possess it but that church men do not. Perhaps the real answer is to advise the querist to turn the energy given up in longing and feeling into work in an effort to find the answer. G. V. S. M.

ANSWER.—"The big nameless longing" is the universal pulse of man's quest of Reality. The soul is forever restless until it finds God. The signs of this longing come upon us from all directions, because it is *Life;* many who know not its name have been touched by its spirit. Its answer is everywhere, once we have discovered that entrance to the Path is within, in each individual soul. "Seek the way by retreating within." *Then,* and only then (we are ever making the great mistake of turning this order about). "Seek the way by advancing boldly without." Then we will see that the church does possess the answer lightly veiled; science shows the beginnings of the Way; all nature is alive with the answer. "The true order of going," said Plato, "is to use the beauties of Earth as steps along which one mounts upwards for the sake of that other Beauty." Of the *goal,* the Voice of the Eternal said to St. Catherine of Siena, "How glorious is that soul which has indeed been able to pass from the stormy ocean [of self] to Me, the Sea Pacific, and in that Sea, which is Myself, to fill the pitcher of the heart." He who possesses God has attained the quest. Y.

ANSWER.—Our souls, divine and immortal, can be satisfied only with what is divine and immortal. As the outward appearance of things makes up the environment of the outer man, so, within all visible forms, within all mental conceptions, lies that essence which is reality and divinity, and which is the true home of the soul. Plato says, "For there is no light in the earthly copies of any of the higher qualities which are precious to souls; they are seen but through a glass dimly: and there are few, who, going to the images, behold in them the realities, and they only with difficulty." (Phædrus.) The Sacrament of the Eucharist tells symbolically this same truth. The only satisfaction of the longing is to "seek those things which are above." S. W. A.

QUESTION 156.—*During the Theosophical Convention attention was called, in a brilliant address, to the fact that the devoted, keen-eyed search for truth is to-day to be found among the scientists rather than among churchmen. Cannot something be done to turn the attention of science, with the same splendid zeal and integrity, to the investigation of the spiritual world and man's relation to it?*

ANSWER.—This is one of the things the Theosophical Society is striving for and is accomplishing very quietly, very slowly, but very surely. Remember that while we must neglect nothing, while each moment is important, each bit of work to be done is vital—still there is infinite time. B. W. A.

ANSWER.—Much can be done—by example. Let each of us make a beginning —in that way. C. J.

ANSWER.—May it not be because scientists work and church men do not? How many of the most devout church goers of any creed give any time to real meditation or to concentration, particularly in the matter of effort to find the Truth. It has been suggested that if we look for it we may find it in the heart of a child, the life of a man, the love of a mother, to say nothing of the golden treasury of Scriptures and other religious works, but is it not all a question of sloth in not making an effort to find it? Is it not possible that too many church

goers think their duty is done when they have observed the forms and that they lack either the courage, or the willingness, or even the desire to labor in obedience to the teachings, to be found on every hand, to find the Truth? Are not scientists patient, persistent, unceasing, hard workers? G. V. S. M.

ANSWER.—Modern science has rediscovered much that mystics knew, and affirmed to unbelieving generations throughout the ages, even some of those finer forces transcending our definition of matter. The writer once heard a famous chemist assert: "We seem to have reached a point where matter ends and spirit begins." A.

QUESTION 157.—*I want to venture a question on the large subject of cycles in reincarnation: We are told that a certain period in the life of a nation is made brilliant because the great artists of a previous time came to incarnation there. From this statement we might generalize to a certain extent—we might say, once a great artist then frequently an artist in later incarnations? Is that true? If so, what is accomplished in Devachan? If the lessons of the artist life were really learned would not the individual return in very different guise, say as a priest, to learn a new set of lessons?*

ANSWER.—Is it wise to speculate on reincarnation, until we really *know* more of it? What is an artist? Is he not one who *expresses* a revelation of beauty? But beauty is as infinite as God, so its expressions may be infinitely varied. We are all destined to be artists, expressing the beauty of holiness, all of divine perfection, in our lives and in ourselves. Therefore the perfect priest must also be an artist. C. J.

ANSWER.—Is it not taken for granted that a lesson is learned in a single incarnation? Perhaps that is true. I have never read such a statement. But do artists show such detachment from their work, that it could be assumed their desires would not draw them back to similar experience in other incarnations? Might there not be progression in artistic excellence in successive incarnations, so that an artist who was only a beginner in the Cretan civilization, would come to flower as a consummate genius sometime during the present European period? Perhaps only when he had become consummate would he be able to assimilate his lesson and pass on for new experiences. A. W.

ANSWER.—Probably if one were willing to work, the answer could be found in the *Secret Doctrine,* but does not the question itself suggest over-emphasis on the individual. As one recalls the *Ocean of Theosophy* and the *Secret Doctrine,* was not emphasis placed upon "Group Reincarnation"? Using *Light on the Path* for illumination, why should not a great warrior in a given group be something else in his next reincarnation? Are we qualified to judge of the benefits and opportunities of a particular position in life? If we substitute the group standard for the individual, need we trouble what happens in Devachan? The simile of the rungs in a ladder used in *Light on the Path* may prove helpful to the querist in seeking for the answer. G. V. S. M.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society was held at 21 Macdougal Alley, New York City, on Saturday, April 26, 1913. At 10.30 A. M. the Convention was called to order by Mr. Charles Johnston, as Chairman of the Executive Committee.

MORNING SESSION

Upon motion of Mr. E. T. Hargrove, seconded by Mr. C. A. Griscom, Mr. Charles Johnston was nominated Chairman of the temporary organization and Mr. G. V. S. Michaelis temporary Secretary. The motion was put before the meeting by Mr. Hargrove and was carried.

Upon motion of Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, seconded by Mr. Acton Griscom, the Chairman appointed the Secretary (Mrs. Gregg), the Treasurer (Prof. Mitchell), and Miss Isabel E. Perkins a Committee on Credentials.

The Committee on Credentials retired to prepare their report and the Chairman addressed the meeting.

Address of Welcome

Mr. Johnston began by extending a cordial welcome to the delegates and members. Mr. Johnston spoke of the interesting feature of membership in the Society whereby we come to feel friendship for those we have never seen, yet with whom we have worked, and of the joy it is when finally such friends in spirit become friends in person. To illustrate this Mr. Johnston said:

"For the first time the numerous brothers and sisters in Germany are represented at this Convention by Mr. Paul Raatz, who has been unsparing of his time, work and enthusiasm in building up the work in Germany on true and constructive lines. It is also a pleasure to have the Canadian members represented. We are glad to welcome Mr. Harris. Mr. Harris has been looking forward for many years to attending a Convention and it gives great pleasure to us all that he has at last been able to come. Everyone here, delegate or member, is cordially welcome and the welcome is sincere.

"We have had many Conventions of the Society in many different countries and many different places, in India, America and Europe. There have been large Conventions, big Conventions, great Conventions. It seems to me that this Convention will be remembered as a deep Convention, possibly the greatest we have ever held because so deep. Only now are we beginning to realize the real scope and the immense importance, the enormous effect, of the Theosophic movement upon life, and through its inspiration upon the world. Great things have been accomplished by the Theosophic movement, of which the T. S. is a part. They have been accomplished, not by surface extension, but by that really potent work which is done below the surface. At times there have been many more nominal members of the Society, but some were members whose interest was merely on

the surface. These members do not count in such work as this. Only hearts count. The deep sincerity and earnestness of each individual member living the life, or seeking to live the life for which the T. S. stands, is what has given vitality to the movement.

"We should each take our membership as opportunity and we should each take our membership as responsibility. The great need of the world today in all lines is that people should take to heart their individual and collective responsibility, and this applies as fully to the Theosophical Society. While we receive privileges from our association with the movement these privileges are duties. We should face with earnestness, courage and depth of spirit the responsibility upon us, realizing that each in part embodies in himself the whole movement, and as we conduct ourselves and present ourselves so is in part the movement conducted and presented to the world."

Report of the Committee on Credentials

The Committee on Credentials submitted their report, showing 31 branches represented in person or by proxy, making the Convention entitled to 187 votes, representing something over 600 active members. Upon motion by Mr. K. D. Perkins, seconded by Mr. Acton Griscom, the report of the Committee on Credentials was accepted with the thanks of the Convention and the Committee discharged.

The following 32 Branches were represented (one Branch with five delegates reporting after the Committee was discharged):

Aurora, Oakland, Calif.
Baltimore, Baltimore, Md.
Blavatsky, Washington, D. C.
Blavatsky, Seattle, Wash.
Brehon, Detroit, Mich.
Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Ft. Wayne, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
H. P. B., Toledo, Ohio.
Indianapolis, Indianapolis, Ind.
Middletown, Middletown, Ohio.
New York, New York, N. Y.
Pacific, Los Angeles, Calif.
Providence, Providence, R. I.
Queen City, Seattle, Wash.
Shila, Toledo, Ohio.
Southern, Greensboro, N. C.
Stockton, Stockton, Calif.
Toronto, Toronto, Canada.
Virya, Denver, Colo.
Unity, Indianapolis, Ind.
Swedish, Arvika, Sweden.
Auranga, Christiana, Norway.
Karma, Christiania, Norway.
Aussig, Aussig-Obersedlitz, Germany.
Berlin, Berlin, Germany.
Dresden, Dresden, Germany.
Flensberg, Flensberg, Germany.
Munich, Munich, Germany.
Neusalz, Neusalz, Germany.
Suhl, Suhl, Germany.
British National, London, England.
Krishna, South Shields, England.

Permanent Organization

Upon motion of Mr. C. A. Griscom, seconded by Rev. Dr. C. C. Clark, Prof. H. B. Mitchell, President of the New York Branch, was elected permanent Chairman of the Convention.

Prof. Mitchell took the chair and upon motion by Mr. Griscom, seconded by Dr. Clark, the thanks of the Convention were unanimously extended to the temporary Chairman, Mr. Charles Johnston, for his services as such.

Upon motion by Dr. Clark, seconded by Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, the temporary Secretary was made permanent Secretary of the Convention.

Upon motion by Mr. Charles Johnston, seconded by Mr. Acton Griscom, the

Chairman was authorized to appoint committees on Nominations, Resolutions, and Letters of Greeting. The Chairman appointed the following:—

Committee on Nominations:

Mr. C. A. Griscom, *Chairman,*
Judge McBride, Mrs. Gitt,
Miss Hohnstedt, Mrs. Armstrong.

Committee on Resolutions:

Mr. E. T. Hargrove, *Chairman,*
Miss Richmond, Mr. Acton Griscom,
Miss Evans, Mrs. Thompson.

Committee on Letters of Greeting:

Mr. Charles Johnston, *Chairman,*
Dr. Clark, Mrs. Allison,
Miss Hilliard, Mrs. Vaile.

Reports of Officers

The Chairman called for reports of officers, and in behalf of the Executive Committee, its Chairman, Mr. Charles Johnston, addressed the meeting:

Report of the Executive Committee for the Year Ending April 25, 1913

"The Society during the past year has been like a happy country, for you must all recall the old saw that 'Happy is the country which has no history.' Our work has been quiet, steady, unsensational and constructive. The most vital part has been the forming of new Branches, but new Branches and new members are only valuable as, and to such extent as, they embody the spirit of the movement, and only to that extent are additions permanent. It is worth emphasizing that our growth has been very steady, firm and deep. With growth and opportunity there is added responsibility resting upon every member.

"The Executive Committee has worked on simple lines, realizing that it has its part in the responsibility which rests upon the individual, the Branch, and the Society as a whole. We do not measure a life of inspiration by length but by depth."

Mr. E. T. Hargrove moved to accept the report of the Executive Committee with thanks and said:

"As a member of the Executive Committee myself I realize that what Mr. Johnston has said gives little idea of the enormous amount of work done by the Chairman. As a rule I have found that any work which goes well may be analyzed as a situation where there is one man who does the work, and in this Committee it sometimes seems as though one's entire duty was to watch Mr. Johnston working. Mr. Raatz has spoken of his work in Germany and from everywhere has come a tribute to the tremendous energy and interest of Mr. Johnston. Few of us can realize how he works, morning, noon and night, in the service of the T. S., and no formal thanks can express the appreciation we should feel for the sacrifices he makes and the effectiveness of his work."

Mrs. C. A. Griscom seconded the vote of thanks, which was extended by a unanimous rising vote.

Mrs. Gregg submitted her report as Secretary of the Theosophical Society as follows:

Report of the Secretary for the Year Ending April 25, 1913

New Branches and Members

The Secretary begs to report that during the preceding year diplomas have been issued to 144 new members, as follows: In the United States, 37; in South

America, 40; in Germany, 33; in England, 21; in Norway, 10; in Sweden, 2; in Bermuda, 1. Total, 144.

During the same period the Society has lost by resignation 14 and by death 6.

Since the last Convention, charters have been issued to 3 new Branches, as follows:

Rama Occidente, El Tocuyo, Venezuela, South America, chartered December 10, 1912.

Norfolk Branch, Aylsham, Norfolk Co., England, December 10, 1912.

Rama Altagracia de Orituco, Venezuela, South America, March 14, 1913.

Book and Magazine Department

It is gratifying to report that the sale of books greatly exceeds the number sold in any previous year—each new book added to the Society's publications has met a want of our students and created a demand among inquirers and seekers after knowledge along similar lines. Outside of the Society's publications the greatest demand has been for mystical and devotional books reviewed by the Quarterly or mentioned and approved in its articles.

It is encouraging to note, however, that the inquiries for the sale of books are by no means limited to members of the Society and readers of the Quarterly.

The book department also assists in the propaganda work of the Society by sending to inquirers such of the Society's pamphlets as seem to be suited to the need.

The Secretary is struggling with another order for the earlier magazines—*Path, Lucifer* and *Theosophist,* which are extremely difficult to obtain with any degree of completeness.

Correspondence

I find by an examination of the letter books that the number of letters written has increased—but a mere statement of the number of letters received, read and answered does not convey a proper idea of the amount of the work which has been found necessary, and which has really been done in the office. In many cases it involves considerably more than the mere reply itself—for instance, there are the sending the literature asked for, keeping the necessary accounts which a business of such a nature requires, replying to numerous queries with reference to the sale of books already printed or that are in preparation.

Much time and labor are required for the proper keeping of all the records—in receiving applications for membership, entering them and sending diplomas—together with hints as to courses of study and reading about which information is often asked. Subscriptions for the Quarterly have to be received, entered; bills and receipts rendered; accounts kept; notices of expiry sent; and prompt reports made to the Treasurer.

A most important branch of the Secretary's work and one demanding most devoted attention, is the correspondence with those who are seeking more light on the problems of life; asking for guidance, that they may better fulfil their duties, and find peace and a fuller life. In this branch of the work the Secretary gratefully acknowledges the help so often given by members who never fail to respond to her call for assistance—thus strengthening her by the knowledge of the help given—really more help than she could have given—followed by the appreciation of the grateful recipients.

"The Theosophical Quarterly"

The person or magazine which preaches the gospel of good-will, preaches Theosophy. This aspect of Theosophy has never failed to receive due and full recognition in the pages of the Quarterly—a journal of which the Theosophical Society has good reason to be proud. It is a teacher and a power; and that such a periodical should be produced and supported speaks in eloquent praise both of

its Editor and its readers. It was called into existence to *help* those who needed guidance and light—especially to supply that guidance and assistance to the members of the Society who were isolated and deprived of the advantage of study in groups or branches.

One typical letter of the many received by the Secretary referring to help received says: "The contributors to the QUARTERLY would be very much encouraged if they knew how abundantly their efforts bore fruit—and I am sure every member of the Society would give whatever he could in the way of contributions to it if he realized how much its pages meant to those who are still struggling in the dark."

A reader contemplating joining the Society writes: "I am, I think, in sympathy with the purpose of the Society, as far as I can determine from reading and re-reading the QUARTERLY, and it is this feeling which impels me to send this letter. I would like to belong."

The libraries keep us reminded of their appreciation by acknowledging the receipt of the magazine,—by purchasing back numbers to complete their files for binding and by renewing their subscriptions.

It is most encouraging to report the increased circulation of the QUARTERLY. Branches, individual members and subscribers—many of whom subscribe for their friends—aid in this work.

So far—through the kindness of members—I have been able to furnish bound volumes and back numbers to all applicants.

A PERSONAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

In various ways I am constantly reminded of the sustaining force of kind thoughts and help given, in every possible way, which call forth my grateful thanks —and especially the constant and immediate response to all my appeals—and there have been many—for advice and assistance from my associates in office.

May Theosophy grow more and more a living power in the lives of each one of our members, and may the coming year be yet more full of good work and healthy progress than the one just closing, is the wish of your humble co-worker and fellow-member.

Respectfully submitted,
(Signed) ADA GREGG,
Secretary T. S.

Mr. C. A. Griscom moved a vote of thanks to the Secretary, as follows:

"The Society owes our Secretary such a debt of gratitude that I feel it a privilege to attempt to voice our thanks. To anyone who has known her work these thanks are not formal but come from the heart in a true appreciation of the amount, character, and extent of the work done by Mrs. Gregg. I have been in a position to follow this in detail for nine years and I have seen Mrs. Gregg give her time and herself, without stint and without pay. She never takes any rest, never has taken a real holiday, has only been away a few times for very short and absolutely necessary absences. She has worked evenings as well as all day long, and during these nine years I have never once heard a word of complaint, a record which I regard as extraordinary.

"But it is not only the enormous amount of work, with its numerous detail, that has impressed me. The thing that appeals to me is the sweet, gentle spirit which Mrs. Gregg has succeeded in instilling into everything she does. It may seem that she is only replying to a letter enclosing twenty-five cents for some pamphlet, but when the letter of acknowledgement goes back, a bit of Mrs. Gregg's

heart goes back with it. Much of the work of the Society may be traced to personal, constructive work by Mrs. Gregg, as her real contribution, and I regard it as an honor and privilege to move that the thanks of the Convention and of the T. S. be extended to her for her devoted and faithful service as Secretary."

Mr. Johnston, in seconding the motion, said:

"The Executive Committee wishes the privilege of saying a word in endorsement of Mr. Griscom's motion, and I therefore, in behalf of that Committee, second the motion."

The thanks of the Convention and of the Society were extended to Mrs. Gregg by a unanimous rising vote.

Report of the Treasurer

Mr. Charles Johnston was asked to take the chair and Prof. H. B. Mitchell presented his report as Treasurer.

Report of the Treasurer of The Theosophical Society for the Year from April 27, 1912, to April 20, 1913

Receipts		*Disbursements*	
Dues	$583.06	Secretary's Office	$250.90
Theosophical Quarterly	392.55	*Brooklyn Eagle*, for four issues of The Theosophical Quarterly	1,154.21
Contributions	591.70		
Balance, April 26, 1912	838.36	Balance, April 20, 1913	1,000.56
	$2,405.67		$2,405.67

Total receipts for 1912	$1,567.31	Total expenditures for 1912	$1,405.11
Total receipts for 1911	1,553.52	Total expenditures for 1911	1,396.76

(Signed) H. B. Mitchell,
Treasurer.

April 24, 1913.

In response to a question from Mrs. Griscom as to the apparent falling off of dues, the Treasurer explained that a change in the closing of the financial year caused this,—as it had always been noticed that the last days of the fiscal year were those in which dues came in most quickly. The Treasurer expressed his indebtedness to Mr. and Miss Perkins for the assistance they had been to him, "doing by far the greater portion of my work for me." He had received authority two years ago to appoint an Assistant Treasurer, and he begged again to acknowledge the effective aid that he received from Mr. and Miss Perkins.

Dr. Clark moved, and Mr. G. V. S. Michaelis seconded the motion, that the thanks of the Society be extended to Prof. Mitchell for his work as Treasurer. This was voted unanimously by a rising vote.

Prof. Mitchell asked that his assistants should be included in this vote of thanks, and Mrs. Griscom added that in expressing approval of the work of Mr. and Miss Perkins, the Convention should not forget the work that Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Helle have done in the Secretary's office; that she could not help thinking of these four very sincere, devoted members hiding behind the Society's officers and doing very effective work, and that she therefore moved that the thanks of the Convention and Society be extended to these four faithful co-workers.

Mr. Johnston said it gave him the heartiest pleasure, from his personal knowledge, to second this. It was carried unanimously by a rising vote.

Prof. Mitchell then resumed the chair.

REPORT OF THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE "THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY"

Mr. C. A. Griscom, as Editor-in-Chief, was then called upon to report upon the work of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

"As this is the tenth time I have appeared before a Convention to report, I thought it would be well to avoid monotony by getting a fresh point of view, and I therefore called upon my son to analyze the contents of the QUARTERLY for the past year, and I must give him credit if anything of interest develops from this analysis. We find that there has been an apparent tendency to place increasing emphasis on topics covering three or four factors of human interest. These might be expressed as follows:

First: The Eastern Department of the work; the translations by Mr. Johnston deserving special notice.

Second: The Western Department of the work, which includes a number of articles on Christianity and its various aspects.

Third: What might be called Personal Articles, perhaps best typified by "Letters to Friends."

There have also been a series of articles making comparisons and drawing parallels between expressions of theosophic thought in the past and in our modern time.

"I doubt if we realize how extremely fortunate we are to be able to get adequate translations of the great Eastern Scriptures. There must be three factors in an ideal translation. There should be a thorough knowledge of the original tongue, a thorough knowledge of the language into which the translation is to be made, and a thorough knowledge of the subject dealt with in the work translated. Many translators have the first two qualifications, but very few are really fully equipped as to the third, particularly in the case of the Eastern Scriptures. I do not know of any one in the world who is better equipped in knowledge of Sanskrit than Mr. Johnston, and the pre-eminence I accord to him is not due to my personal predilection, but to the tribute of great Sanskritists for his thoroughly scholarly knowledge. As we all know, few men can write English as well as he writes it; and finally, he understands the subjects the ancients were writing about. For these reasons it is my personal belief that there never have been translations from the Eastern Scriptures equal in all-around excellence to those from Mr. Johnston's pen which the QUARTERLY has been privileged to print.

"Under the second head, many aspects of Christianity as the religion of the West have been given attention in notable articles.

"The third class,—of more personal articles,—has developed an interesting expression in the 'Letters to Friends.' No series in recent years has excited so many comments and letters of praise. It is still amusing to find that, in spite of the explanations that have been made, a great number of people believe these letters to have been written for them personally. They do not know the author, but they do believe that he knows them. From all over Europe and America such letters have come, some indignant at the exposure of their personal character to the world, but most of them expressing gratitude for help received. Attention has been called to facts presented in the Letters as indicating personal knowledge. While this is interesting, it is more important because it indicates the vitality underlying these Letters. We know the unity of the spiritual world, and it is encouraging to see how these Letters strike home to so many people, though it is not to be wondered at that spiritual truths, expressed with such unusual lucidity, should have wide effect.

"Under the fourth head have been articles drawing attention to the close parallels between the more ancient manifestations of the work of the Lodge

through the medieval period and in the present time. For instance, there were articles that called attention to the close parallels that exist between the work and methods of St. Patrick and St. Columba and modern thought and methods in expressing the same ideas.

"But to the editor no analysis of the QUARTERLY would be complete if it did not include reference to *Fragments* which are not wholly Eastern, not wholly Western, but which are really the synthesis of all that the QUARTERLY does and stands for.

"We have already blessed Miss Perkins for her work in other directions, but the editor of the QUARTERLY must pay his tribute to her work in proof reading and assisting him in other ways."

The Chairman, Prof. Mitchell, said that he wished to bring out a factor in the development of the QUARTERLY which Mr. Griscom had passed over, but which the Convention and the Society could not possibly ignore, and that was the personal work of the editor himself, who had started the QUARTERLY ten years ago, and at the start had watched over it as one watched over a delicate, beloved baby; doing all the constructive work, from that which devolved naturally upon the editor-in-chief to that which devolved upon the proof reader and the office boy; that he felt it must be a satisfaction to Mr. Griscom, as it has been to the Society, to see the QUARTERLY growing in value and fulfiling all his hopes for it; that he believed the Society was fortunate in the possession of the magazine and the spirit which gave it birth and which has contributed to its growth and vitality; that he also felt that the vote of thanks moved by Mr. Hargrove and seconded by Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, would please Mr. Griscom more if it were to include the contributors and assistants to the editor. This amendment being accepted, the motion was carried by a unanimous rising vote.

Mrs. Griscom called attention to the fact that Mr. Mitchell's remarks were typical of his magnanimity, because only those who had been close to the QUARTERLY could know how much it owed to him.

Upon motion by Mr. E. T. Hargrove, seconded by Mr. Acton Griscom, at 11.30 A. M. the Convention adjourned until 2.30 P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION

The Convention was called to order for the Afternoon Session by the permanent Chairman, Prof. Mitchell.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

Mr. C. A. Griscom for the Committee on Nominations reported on the two vacancies in the Executive Committee and recommended the re-election of Dr. Archibald Keightley, of England, and Mr. Paul Raatz. For Treasurer, the Committee recommended Prof. H. B. Mitchell, and for Secretary, Mrs. Ada Gregg. In all four cases the present incumbents were nominated to succeed themselves. Mr. K. D. Perkins moved, and Mr. Saxe seconded, that the Secretary be instructed to cast one ballot for the nominees of the Committee for their respective terms, and that the Committee be discharged with the thanks of the Convention. As this motion received a unanimous vote the Secretary cast the ballot and the Chairman announced the election of Dr. Archibald Keightley of England, and Mr. Paul Raatz of Germany as members of the Executive Committee; Prof. H. B. Mitchell of New York as Treasurer; and Mrs. Ada Gregg of New York as Secretary.

RESOLUTIONS

Mr. E. T. Hargrove, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, submitted a unanimous report from the Committee.

The first resolution as follows:

Resolved, That Mr. Charles Johnston, as Chairman of the Executive Committee, is requested hereby to reply to the messages of greeting from foreign

Branches in the name of and in behalf of this Convention, and to extend to the Conventions of the European Branches our fraternal greetings and good wishes.

It was adopted by unanimous vote upon motion of Mr. E. T. Hargrove, seconded by Dr. Clark.

The second resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That this Convention of The Theosophical Society hereby requests and authorizes visits of the officers of the Society to Branches in Europe and America.

It was, upon motion of Mr. Hargrove, seconded by Mr. C. A. Griscom, also adopted unanimously.

The third resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That this Convention of The Theosophical Society hereby expresses its great pleasure at the presence and participation of Mr. Paul Raatz, a member of the Executive Committee of the Society, President of the Berlin Branch, and representative of the German members.

It was moved by Mr. Hargrove, seconded by Mr. Johnston, and adopted by unanimous rising vote.

Reports of Delegates

The Chairman then called for Branch reports from the delegates present and suggested that the custom of having the local Branch present the first report might well be followed. He therefore asked Mr. Hargrove, the Chairman of the New York Branch, to speak of the work in New York.

New York Branch

Mr. Hargrove said:

"Mr. Chairman, there is no need to remind you that you are the President of the New York Branch, and I am sure it would be the wish of the members of the Convention to hear later from you. It is true that I act as Chairman and in this capacity I speak here this afternoon.

"I am rather in doubt what to report, for I feel sure that dry statistics as to numbers of meetings, percentage of attendance and so forth will not be of the most value to us. Possibly if we consider the aim and principles of our work, we shall profit. It is true that there has been a large increase in membership in the New York Branch, but that increase in membership we would not regard in any way as a test of our expansion. We do not think that increased membership necessarily is advancement. The important thing is, who are the new members; are people interested in the meetings and with what motive do they attend? As a test of our own work we should keep in mind what the purposes of the T. S. are and note if there is in our Branch a real and honest desire to further those great purposes. If such a desire animates the members, then increase in membership helps, but otherwise, not.

"What is our purpose? I would urge upon you all to get Prof. Mitchell's pamphlet upon "Theosophy and the Theosophical Society" and read it, and re-read it, and find out what we are about and what we exist for. This little book, which it seems to me should be in the hands of every member, dispels all kinds of unfortunate delusions, tragical in their effects, and brings out the truth and helps clear away injustice and misunderstanding. The New York Branch has been trying to live in the light of the pamphlet and it would be an act of injustice to Prof. Mitchell and one against which he would be the first to protest, to place upon him the sole responsibility for its authorship. He would tell you that it really expresses the experience of group consciousness and the reaction on his own mind of working together with and in the New York Branch for the past fifteen years.

"Theosophy is a leaven, and the Theosophical Society is an enterprise for the conversion of others to their own ideals. It might be described as an organism that converts so-called Theosophists to Theosophy. If it be true, and I believe it to be true, that Theosophy is Divine Wisdom, and that the movement is under the personal care and guidance of the Masters, I believe it is the duty of the T. S. to convert us and the world at large to living up to and acting up to and really being our own best and highest ideals. The purpose of the New York Branch is to apply this, and it is our ambition to act as leaven with which to leaven New York City and if possible, the world. We must begin in ourselves, we must change ourselves, make at least an equal effort, if not a greater one, to convert ourselves to our own standards if we would command success in the outside world. Even then, we must help others to live according to their own ideals, instead of trying to convert them to some strange foreign doctrine. Theosophy is light which illumines all religions and all philosophies. It should be regarded as the leaven with which to leaven the lump; but leaven does not transform that which it leavens into itself, but transmits itself, vitalizing that which it leavens, working by contact and contagion. It vitalizes what was before inert.

"If we adopt that principle and succeed in living as Theosophists and doing the work for the Master and the Lodge in the world, we must work as leaven works, and not ask merely to make others like unto ourselves. What else is it that They do? Do they not work from within out, and never from without in. If we would be more truly a leaven of power, be more truly the leaven of the Lodge, we must slowly transform ourselves, and be our true selves in whatever we do, so that when we come into contact with others we may exemplify the real spirit of Theosophy, which we shall then find contagious. But it will be by what we are and not by what we think we are, or try to make others think we are.

"The New York Branch seeks points of contact but does not try to proselytize. There is no notoriety about our work. We simply permit it to be known among our friends and acquaintances and tell them we conduct open meetings to which anyone is free to come as often as he may be really interested. What do we do when people come to us, has been asked. We try to find out what they need and want and try to supply what they really need and want. We try to speak to their condition.' We do not attack them and say we have this or that book, that is divine wisdom itself. We try to use terms with which they are familiar. We most ardently desire that people shall find not only what they have been seeking in their hearts, but what they believe in their hearts.

"We have had some strange experiences. At a recent meeting we were discussing discipleship, and we felt that we had had a successful meeting. At its close two ladies came to me and said:

"'Mr. Chairman, when are you going to talk about Theosophy?'

"I replied: 'We have been talking about Theosophy this evening.'

"'Ah, yes,' said they, 'but we mean real Theosophy.'

"'Pardon me,' I said, 'what kind is that?'

"They answered, 'We are Theosophists and very active ones, and we would like to know when you are going to discuss Theosophy.'

"I found that these ladies regarded Theosophy as a synonym for Astrology, Palmistry, something about Rounds and Races (which the ladies said was very interesting but which they did not quite understand) and different Magic Arts, whatever they may have been! Therefore the New York Branch feels that the members of the Society have a double task to perform, not only to do what they can for those seeking more light, but also to vindicate the name of the Society dragged in the mud by individuals and organizations which violate in every way the principles which Madam Blavatsky lived and died for; which Mr. Judge lived and died for. We must seek to live down the prejudices which exist and with which

we cannot but sympathize and which are due to the use of the name of the Society for a kind of psychic materialism which so often masquerades under the name of the T. S. The task is not an easy one and yet I feel very deeply and strongly that at no time in the history of the movement has the outlook been so bright. It is no longer something of a reproach to be known as a member of the T. S. It is today looked upon as a title of honor, as it always has been where the work is understood or known. Now it is gradually becoming known in that light to the public generally.

"The work of the New York Branch has not been confined to its fortnightly meetings. We have endeavored to carry the work into the world through the activity of the members, and some of these activities have been far-reaching in their effects. Some of you know that members of the Branch have been fairly active in one of the churches, and this typifies the way that we have been working to convert people to their own ideals, not to change the form of their faith, but to intensify it, to make it living. We try to imitate and to work with and in nature: for that is the way of the Spirit, of the Lodge, of the Higher Self, of the Master."

The German Branches

Mr. Paul Raatz was next called upon to speak for the German Branches. Mr. Raatz began by a graceful, introductory apology for his use of English and then proved by his complete command of the language that this was merely modesty. He read the following report:

"Dear Friends and Comrades:

"First of all it is my duty to bring you heartfelt greetings and good wishes from all your comrades in Germany and Austria, in Berlin, Munich, Dresden, Flensburg, Neusalz, Suhl, Aussig and Vienna.

"It is the first time in my life that I have been able to take part personally in a Convention of the Theosophical Society, and I consider it a great favor from Karma and from those Beings who are destined to direct Karma.

"It is true, that the spiritual inner world unites us all, and we can fulfil our spiritual, religious duties, no matter where we live, or if we are personally separated. We can always form a channel between the spiritual world, where our Masters and Teachers live, and the outside world. And still, there lies a peculiar force in personal contact between human beings. The spiritual world is continually endeavoring to manifest itself. The degree is different in the case of each one; it is also different in each country. Now when those in whom the spiritual force is manifested in only a slight degree come in personal contact with those through whom a strong spiritual force streams, latent power becomes active and awakes to life. As a thousand lights can be made to burn from one light, so can the weak ones in theosophical life be strengthened by those who have progressed further. America is much favored in this respect; here in this country and in this city, our beloved Theosophical Society was founded by the Masters through H. P. B. and W. Q. Judge. Here live most of the oldest, most faithful and experienced members of the Society. Here the greatest manifestation of spiritual force takes place. It is not surprising, then, if the members of the Theosophical Society in other countries long to take part in the Convention held here every year. These feelings accompanied me on my journey here. I am glad to be able to be present in your midst and sincerely hope to learn much while here, and to bring to life some of that latent power present in every one. May that which I learn and experience here be able to promote and consolidate the movement in Germany.

"Perhaps it will interest you to hear a very short account of the movement, as it has taken place in Germany. In the year 1884, with the help of President Olcott, a Theosophical Society was officially founded. In the so-called H. P. B.

crisis, which took place shortly after, this society went to pieces. A very loosely formed 'Theosophical Union' was founded later on, a few members of which became members-at-large of the Theosophical Society. I was one of these. At the crisis in the years 1894-1895, I found it impossible to remain in this union, where W. Q. Judge was slandered and the principles of the Theosophical Society were being violated, but was unfortunately the only one who determined to resign. I sent my diploma to Mr. Judge and had it rectified and signed by him. One year later, on the 24th of June, 1896, a short time after the death of Mr. Judge, I was successful in forming a 'Berlin Branch of the Theosophical Society,' with a few friends. Twenty-five members were registered, and our charter was received from our dear comrade Mr. Hargrove, then acting as President of the 'T. S. in America.' This charter was also valid for the founding of the 'T. S. in Europe' (Germany).

"Towards the end of August in the same year, the 'Theosophical Crusaders' visited Berlin, and with their help the Theosophical Society in Germany was officially founded. Those, whose good fortune it was to take part personally in the proceedings, experienced much joy in those days. They were days full of life and force. But unfortunately, only three of our members at that time have held out till now: Mrs. Frink in Neusalz, Mrs. Raatz and myself, and only one of the Crusaders is still a member of the Theosophical Society and that is Mr. Hargrove.

"This Society in Germany, founded by the Crusaders, was not meant to be long-lived. The Crusaders had hardly left, when the crisis came. Dr. Franz Hartmann had been elected President, but it was he, who, in 1897, declared our Society dissolved and broke every connection with England and America. Our Branch in Berlin was not able to recognize this step as correct; we maintained our connection with America and worked on, in spite of all attacks, holding fast to the principles of the Theosophical Society as well as we could. We had to face many difficulties for a few years, but we learned a great deal. You remember the Society was composed at that time of national branches and that we were told, the duty of each was to learn to work independently and to stand alone. The inner unity with America was however never broken.

"At the last crisis with Dr. Hartmann, the six branches, which Berlin had awakened to activity, when the Crusaders were with us, left us. We worked on alone, earnestly and sincerely until 1903, when new branches were formed, working according to the principles of the Theosophical Society, and in harmony with the Berlin Branch, thus forming a part of the 'Theosophical Society in Germany,' which name we had always retained.

"In 1908 this national Society united with the 'Theosophical Society in America,' as you remember, and two years later, the National Branch was made international by dropping the national ending of 'America.' Since that time your comrades in Germany sense no separation from their comrades in America. We feel the unity of our Society, which forms, or must form, the nucleus of universal brotherhood. We feel as brothers and sisters, and not as Americans and Germans.

"When I recall the time since the founding of the first branch of the Theosophical Society in Germany in 1896, I am aware that we have had many difficulties to contend with, but that these were more than outweighed by the joyous experiences we have had. If our Society in Germany has withstood all its trials, if we have had outer and inner growth, so we must humbly confess, that this is not due to our merit, but that we owe all to those, who work in the invisible world, to the Masters, in whom very many of our members in Germany believe. Without being importunate or dogmatic, we have availed ourselves of every opportunity to declare the existence of the Masters; and although we are far distant from a conscious connection with them, still our endeavors in this direction fix the lines of our spiritual growth. Without fail They hear our call, and They answer also, even if we have not learned to hear and understand Their replies.

"I beg to be permitted here and now in the name of so many members in Germany to express our heartfelt thanks to the Masters for all the love and consideration which they have always shown us.

"Before I close I would like to express a wish that is very strong in the hearts of all our German members. This wish is, that Mr. Johnston may make it possible to visit us this year again. We would be very grateful if such would be the case. The blessings that accompany his visits, are not to be expressed in words."

The Chairman, replying to Mr. Raatz, said that all present had been sharing an experience common in the history of the T. S. The Chairman went on to say:

"Many of us have had the great pleasure and good fortune to come into contact through correspondence with men and women we have never seen yet grow to know well as we work with them for a common ideal. This gives a richness to our lives and a feeling that we are not strangers in other lands; and it is one of the privileges and great rewards of attendance at the conventions to meet in person these friends hitherto unknown in fact. Mr. Raatz and his associates have long been our good friends, but this year it has been given to us not merely to know him by his work and letters and his contributions to the QUARTERLY, but to know him personally.

"Another member of the Executive Committee from a foreign land has given us this pleasure. After promising and hoping to attend several Conventions Mr. Harris of Toronto has at last been able to come to this one. Mr. Harris and his message are most welcome."

THE CANADIAN BRANCHES

Mr. Harris, addressing the meeting, said: "I bring to the Convention and wish to express, both personally and for the Canadian Branches, the heartiest greetings of the T. S. in Canada. I am not come here to speak. My object has been to listen and to obtain help from others to aid in carrying on the work in Canada, and I feel that my visit has been well worth while.

"To report on Canada I think it may be enough to refer to one great success and to one great failure. Our great success has been in circulating the QUARTERLY. We have, for instance, sent forty-eight copies to libraries and universities and we believe that they have been widely read because of the comment and interest we know they have excited. The QUARTERLY is now being sold by booksellers and we feel that our efforts to make the QUARTERLY known and to increase its field of influence in Canada has been our great success. Our great failure was during the period when we depended upon dogmatism; when there was a tendency in our constructive work to attach the Branch to certain lines of teaching, until it became almost dogma and we were departing from the principles of the T. S. Nowhere is H. P. B. held in greater respect as a great exponent of Theosophic principles and on account of her great knowledge, but there was a tendency to limit these operations to authoritative statement. What success we have had has come since we returned to the principles of Theosophy and have held to the perfectly open platform, not trying to teach but trying to help others to reach their own ideals along lines that Mr. Hargrove has expressed."

CINCINNATI BRANCH

Miss Hohnstedt, from the Cincinnati Branch, presented a written letter of greeting, but supplemented this with a speech full of humor and affection which was one of the features of the Convention.

Miss Hohnstedt spoke touchingly of the death of Dr. Tenney, so long President of the Branch, and of how difficult it had been to continue the work except from a sense of duty in the endeavor to carry out what he had begun. He had

always placed great emphasis upon doing one's duty as a practical evidence of the teachings of Theosophy. Frequent meetings have been held and new members taken in. There has been a class in the study of the *Ocean of Theosophy* and Patanjali's *Yoga Sutras*. Once a month there is an open meeting for the discussion of Theosophical principles with those who are beginning to be interested.

The Chairman reminded the older members of the Convention of the charming reception and the delightful hospitality received from the Cincinnati members and from Miss Hohnstedt in particular when the Convention met there.

Blavatsky Branch of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. M. F. Gitt, from the Blavatsky Branch in Washington, presented the report of that Branch, and said she felt that the great achievement of the Blavatsky Branch had been the doing of a great deal of work along the lines outlined by Mr. Johnston and confirmed by Mr. Hargrove, that is, in bringing home to church members their real ideals and the beauty they may find in their own services when interpreted in the light of Theosophy.

Mrs. Thompson, of the Blavatsky Branch, said she believed the Branch had been well represented by the President's address, and expressed her great pleasure in meeting once more with the members, renewing the feeling of other years.

Virya Branch of Denver, Colo.

Miss Evans, for the Denver Branch, reported that while their membership is small, their meetings have been held every first and third Sunday since October and have been fairly well attended. The membership is increasing slowly but the most valuable feature has been that the work has proved so helpful to the members personally and, as they hope and believe, to others who have attended the meetings.

Providence Branch

Mrs. Sheldon, for the Providence Branch, reported continued activity by this Branch, with meetings every Sunday evening, study classes every Tuesday night, a class for beginners Wednesday afternoon and a recently formed ladies' class. All have been showing very sincere effort and study. Mrs. Sheldon said that this Branch has been founded for many years and for a long time the President practically had to carry it alone, but that there are now nineteen active members and the Branch is full of hope and faith and energy.

Mrs. Regan, from the same Branch, extended her greetings to the Convention and said that the Branch President had said all that could be said.

Middletown Branch

Mrs. Gordon, from the Middetown Branch, spoke of her pride in being a member of that Branch and of the help she had received from its simplicity and honesty of effort. She read a personal letter from the Branch President as a letter of greeting.

The Chairman paid a graceful tribute to the President of that Branch and to his wife and to the help the Branch and its representative in the east, Mrs. Gordon, have been to all with whom they have come into contact.

Members at Large

Under the call for expressions from members at large, the Chairman asked Miss Richmond, of Massachusetts, to give her greetings to the Convention. Miss Richmond said that she belonged to the little group of people who are studying as best they may the great principles of Theosophy, with increasing recognition of their underlying spirituality and truth.

Mrs. Balderson, of Philadelphia, said: "I took great joy and peace from the Convention last year, so I came back, and I know that I shall go away filled with the same feelings."

Mr. Saxe, of Niagara Falls, next spoke, saying, "I am glad to say that I am pleased with this Convention and to tell you how very much I am getting out of it. I joined the T. S. from reading the QUARTERLY and took a chance—and I am glad I did. It has been an inspiration and a pleasure to attend this Convention and I hope to come again."

THE NEW YORK BRANCH.

Mr. Hargrove called for statements from members of the New York Branch, and the first to be called upon was Mr. K. D. Perkins, who said: "Not very many days ago I was present at a gospel mission, a wonderfully interesting meeting, where those whom we would call 'down and out' testified how they had come to the mission and had reached directly to the Master and had found great help. What was most impressive was that all this testimony was so direct, so simple, so convincing and so profound. I have something the same feeling about this Convention and the New York Branch meetings. It is the same essentially; perhaps not so simple yet equally direct. There is a special power locked up in the T. S. to be released by contact, and I am glad to give my 'testimony,' and indeed am glad all the way through, for I feel that the longer I am in the T. S. work the more I come to feel that I go on reforming from day to day."

The Rev. Dr. C. C. Clark said: "I came to my first Convention five or six years ago and then felt that I was all right and extended my approval to the T. S. I have kept coming every year and I now feel that the Convention is all right and that I have hopes of improving.."

Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, of the New York Branch, said: "I think that we are all glad to be again the hosts of the Convention and I know that we are glad to meet again those who attend. I listened to what Mr. Hargrove said for the New York Branch and I was struck by the way that he was expressing what we have felt, but may not have realized particularly, about the T. S. being a missionary body to bring people to the realization of their own ideals. The New York Branch meetings have been of great help to many of us in considering the relations between Christianity and Theosophy, and in bringing out in great detail, and to me with great clearness, that Theosophy is Divine Wisdom in its universal aspect and Christianity a concrete manifestation."

Mrs. Allison, of the New York Branch, said that as her membership continued she had come to feel that the Theosophical Society is a spiritual organ of humanity and that in working for its splendid platform a great work was being done to unify thought in general and to clarify and purify thought in each individual. That it was giving an idea of breadth to Christianity without formalism or punctiliousness and had shown Christianity with a spirit of love and underlying sympathy.

Mr. Michaelis, of the New York Branch, spoke of the benefit he and others had received from contact with the Fort Wayne Branch and particularly the help given by its faithful and untiring President, Mrs. Lillian F. Stouder, speaking of the splendid and courageous work she is doing.

Mr. Alden, of the New York Branch, said: "I have indeed a word to say. I want to give thanks for the QUARTERLY. I feel that we are all proud of it. Each last number seems the best. I think we all feel that in literature and scholarship it ranks with any publication in the world and in its philosophy and spirituality I believe it leads them all. I am convinced that the Theosophical Society and the world itself owe to Mr. Griscom and his associates a great debt of gratitude and I feel that we cannot say too much in expressing our appreciation."

The Chairman announced that several requests had reached him for a word from Mrs. Judge, who expressed her pleasure in meeting those at the Convention, some of old and others of new acquaintance, but all being friends.

Mr. Hargrove expressed the desire of the meeting for a report from Prof. Mitchell as President of the New York Branch. Prof. Mitchell said: "We have already had presented to us, by those who have spoken, a review of the work of the New York Branch,—of what its spirit is and what it stands for,—and it is not necessary to go into details of the form of its activities and the number of its members, though this number has increased nearly fifty per cent. in the last year. The important thing in any Theosophical work is its spirit and its aim—and the spirit and aim of the New York Branch is the spirit and aim of the whole Society. Mr. Raatz from Berlin, Mr. Harris from Toronto, Mrs. Gordon from Middletown, have been speaking to-day of the work and ideals of their own Branches. But in so doing they have portrayed no less clearly the work and ideals of our Branch in New York. This is a symbol of our unity,—of the true unity of the Society, of the true nucleus of an universal brotherhood which is our first object,—a unity of aim and identity of spirit. What this spirit is may be partially expressed in many different ways—as today we have heard it expressed—yet always it is one and the same, and always it escapes definition. It lives in what is behind words, in what is behind all acts and all manifestation. Yet it is the life and animating power of them all—the true life and power of the Theosophical Society and of all its branches. Where that spirit lives, Theosophy lives; where that spirit does not live Theosophy does not live, though its name be on every tongue.

"The New York Branch is perhaps specially privileged in that it is able to share in so many different departments of work. New York is a tremendously dynamic center. Great nerves and arteries run from it to all parts of the country and all over the world, carrying the currents of thought and ideals, of power and effort and accomplishment, in every form of human activity. The opportunity to pour into these great currents the living, quickening power of the theosophic spirit is the opportunity of the New York Branch. And in the effort to fulfil it—to accept and meet the challenge of our privilege—our members are working in many fields: in Church and University, in literature and in business, seeking to leaven with the leaven of the theosophic spirit the thought and ideals and life of our time. The opportunity is limitless. There is no limit to what we see when we face the great and vital services that may here be rendered to humanity. The door is wide open. The only limit lies in ourselves. We cannot blame circumstances.

"Gravely and humbly we have been forced to recognize our responsibilities. We can only do the work before us—the work which the world so desperately needs—as we can accomplish it first within and upon ourselves. We can bring the leaven of theosophy to nothing else upon earth until we have first leavened with it our own lives. We can kindle no flame if we ourselves are without fire. The work is infinite and can be done only by the Infinite; by the infinite power and spirit of Theosophy—Divine Wisdom and Divine Power—acting through us.

"This which is true in New York is true everywhere. However it may appear, there are no barriers in circumstances. The limitations are only within ourselves. The door is open wide to each and every one of us. But before we can enter it, and do the work which calls us, the spirit of Theosophy must transform our lives as we would wish it to transform the life of the world. It must conquer in us before it can conquer through us. And by it we must gain the indomitable will, the strength and integrity of principle and purpose to make us equal to our opportunity.

"Humility, which makes us see our own littleness and inadequacy, thus makes us see no less clearly the tremendous worth of the individual; the infinite importance and potentialities for world-wide good that each life possesses, could it but be made the servant of the Spirit. Each life is the universe in little. This,

which is true in general, is true of your life and of mine. And so to serve the spirit or to spread its reign upon earth, we have to begin within ourselves. I think that we can do this. I think that we will do it. And the vista which is before us is a vision of splendour, drawing us forward to the light beyond, never to be reached, but satisfying us by the constant effort to reach it and motion toward it.

"Mr. Perkins spoke of the personal benefit he has received from the New York Branch, and his personal tribute is a better argument for our work than all that I may say."

Report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting.

The next business of the meeting was the presenting of the report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting. Mr. Charles Johnston, Chairman, spoke for the committee. He read first a letter from the Stockton Branch and said: "We who have the privilege of association with members do not realize the courage and faith required of members in these remote branches, where perhaps there may be only two or three members within a thousand miles. I think we may gain great inspiration from the pluck, courage and aspiration they manifest."

A letter of greeting from Dr. Keightley was read, and with a statement by Mr. Johnston that no convention would be complete without a cable from Dr. Keightley, his greetings by cable were presented.

From Karma Branch in Christiana had come a letter to the Executive Committee and from it may be taken a message to the Convention. There has been a complete consolidation of what has been a national branch. This has been one of the last to transmute its condition as a separate national branch into a regular part of the international, unified Society, of which now the Christiana Branch is one of the most esteemed and respected members.

Mr. Johnston also said: "We all have been, without exception, conscious of the spirit of the Convention and of the T. S., and I know that there is a desire to express our real feeling. One of the members has said that the T. S. Convention is a benediction. This is a true saying and represents what is a great privilege for us all. How great I doubt if any of us realize. I doubt if any of us realize the tremendous spiritual powers that stand behind the T. S. and its work, but we must remember that privilege always brings with it responsibility. As the privilege is great so is the responsibility great. Let us realize this each day. Let us realize it for the coming year and for all the years, let us realize it collectively and individually. From participation in this movement we become trustees of certain powers and these bring with them certain duties. We must face great and grave responsibilities, but we should undertake our duties happy at heart and rejoicing through and through that we are thus privileged. We have not done our part to discharge our obligations unless we have worked into the fabric of our lives the principles of Theosophy. We should go away from the Convention with a sense of debt, of outstanding obligation, which we may only faithfully and honestly pay back by what we do for others, and in this way we may give to others what we have so abundantly received ourselves."

Mr. C. A. Griscom moved, and Dr. Clark seconded, that the report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting be accepted with thanks and the Committee discharged.

Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell moved. and Dr. Clark seconded, that the Committee on Resolutions be discharged with the thanks of the Convention for its work.

Mr. Hargrove said that he did not believe that the Convention would be satisfied to adjourn without an opportunity to express its thanks to the Chairman, and that he therefore moved that a vote of thanks be given to the Chairman, Prof. Mitchell, and to the Secretary of the Convention. Mr. Griscom seconded the motion, which was carried.

The thanks of the Convention and the Society were extended to the New York Branch for its courtesies to the Convention.

Upon motion by Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, seconded by Mr. K. D. Perkins, the Convention adjourned without day.

G. V. S. MICHAELIS,
Secretary of Convention.

On Saturday evening—after the close of the official sessions of the Convention—the delegates and visiting members were the guests of the New York Branch at an informal reception for personal conference and discussion.

On the afternoon of Sunday, April 27th, Mr. Charles Johnston lectured upon "Theosophy" to an audience of about two hundred at the Hotel St. Denis. Mr. Johnston's theme was the deeper vision into the significance of modern religious and scientific movements which resulted from viewing them in the light of Theosophy. In illustration of this he considered three widely diverse movements: the new school of Biblical and theological criticism, as represented by the recent work of Oxford and Cambridge scholars; the philosophy of Henri Bergson, as typical of the new view of life which science is yielding; and the so-called "New Thought" and "Christian Science" systems, which Mr. Johnston dealt with as perversions and misunderstandings of the principles of the Vedanta.

We hope that this address may be printed in full in a later issue of the QUARTERLY, and we regret that lack of space—which has compelled the omission of the many "Letters of Greeting" sent to the Convention,—makes a more extended outline impossible at present.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

ABRIDGMENT OF THE SECRET DOCTRINE, (Hillard)	$2.16
A PRIMER OF THEOSOPHY, by Katherine Hillard	.10
BHAGAVAD GITA, translated by Charles Johnston	1.00
BHAGAVAD GITA, Edited by W. Q. Judge, leather	.75
CABINET SIZE PHOTO, H. P. BLAVATSKY or W. Q. JUDGE	.50
CULTURE OF CONCENTRATION, by W. Q. Judge, paper	.10
DREAM OF RAVAN, cloth	1.00
ESOTERIC BUDDHISM, by A. P. Sinnett, cloth	1.25
FIVE YEARS OF THEOSOPHY	3.25
FRAGMENTS, by Cavé	.60
IDYLL OF THE WHITE LOTUS, cloth	1.00
KARMA: WORKS AND WISDOM, by Charles Johnston	.35
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